UNCLE GEORGE'S LETTERS to

GEORGE H. ALLEN

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UNCLE GEORGE'S LETTERS TO THE GARCIA CLUB

THE GARCIA CLUB.

Uncle George's Letters

TO THE

Garcia Club

By GEORGE H. ALLEN

Author of "A Commercial Pilgrim"

Published by the

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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE AUTHOR

In our day, anyone who publishes a book ought to have a good reason for doing so or be sent to jail.

In the face of the above statement this book is published.

Not so very long ago the author organized seven boys into a debating society. The boys called themselves the Garcia Club, and the seven quickly grew to twenty. Twenty lads between the ages of thirteen and seventeen are a good many, when the possibilities for good or evil from that many young Americans are considered. These twenty boys, who called themselves the Garcia Club, started a society paper. *The Garcia Magazine* they called it. Eight pages, including the covers, was the size of the periodical. Like magic its subscription

list jumped from nothing to twenty wildly enthusiastic and admiring subscribers, and in its very first issue it was gravely stated on its Editorial page that *The Garcia* was published for the good of mankind in general and the Garcia Club in particular; and sundry village merchants were invited to advertise in its columns.

These merchants were assured that it would pay them to advertise in *The Garcia.*

The purchasing power of twenty households being duly considered a goodly number of the merchants saw the point, and good naturedly advertised—thinking, no doubt, that *The Garcia* would die in a month—and *The Garcia Magazine* was launched.

To-day the Garcia Club (with a respectable waiting list) is composed of twenty young Americans, not counting one middle-aged American, and *The Garcia Monthly Magazine* has appeared for eighteen consecutive months.

If in that time it has made no perceptible dent on "mankind in general," it has kept the

boys hustling to keep the enterprise going, and that achievement has been a benefit "to the Garcia Club in particular," and so fifty per cent. of what the boys started out to do with their "magazine" has been accomplished, which is a mighty good per cent. when you know boys.

Many of a larger growth have done less.

Early in the year 1901, a trip around the world, to sell goods in the United States until their western border should be reached, to buy goods in the Orient, and to investigate the much talked of resources of the Philippine Islands was on the author's program.

The Garcia Club asked him on the eve of his departure, while on that trip to be a special correspondent for *The Garcia* monthly.

"Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club," letters written for a boys' play paper, was the result of that request.

The publication of the letters in that eight-page "magazine" (including covers), "published for the benefit of mankind in general and the Garcia Club in particular," caused

certain friends of the author to suggest to him that those letters ought to be published in book form, to which the author made the remark seen at the beginning of this introduction.

These alleged friends declared that the quality of the letters was reason enough for the publication of this book and furthermore, as an evidence of good faith, solemnly agreed, if worst came to worst, to stand between jail and the author. So *"Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club"* are published between these two covers.

The author has great confidence in the covers.

He had nothing to do with them. He gave a competent book-binder *carte blanche* to go ahead and get them up right.

The book is not a romance, neither is it a love story. It is a simple, truthful, unvarnished account of what the author saw along the way, with side lights on some conditions in the Philippine Islands, which may be of interest to all American citizens.

INTRODUCTION

However much the author's friends may have erred in judgment in urging the publication of this book the author is prepared to state on his own authority, and boldy and unqualifiedly to stand by his statement, that there is at least one truth herein, that ought to sink deeply and indelibly into the minds of all civilized humanity. And the author stands ready to redeem his promise and be "Uncle George" to all who follow his advice in relation to the above named truth.

Friends, *"Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club"* are before you. "Drink hearty."

The Garcia

VOL. 1. CLINTON, N. Y., MAY, 1901. No. 5

Uncle George's First Letter.

Written for *The Garcia*, by the Garcia boys' Uncle George, whom they are sending around the world to write for *The Garcia*, and to do a little business on the side for himself, to pay expenses. Now is the time to subscribe for *The Garcia*, only 25c. a year. Here is Uncle George's first story. More will follow. Subscribe for *The Garcia* now.

Running out of Ogden, Utah, May 15, 1901.

My Dear Boys: Your Uncle George has been hitting it off at a rapid pace since you started him out of Clinton station on the evening of the 7th.

Haven't been able to cipher out whether it

was the engineer or the Garcia yell that started me off and has kept me going at such a clip. What with the engines pulling and that yell pushing, I have made, so far, an extraordinary trip. I left the rails at Buffalo, struck earth again at Cleveland, rattled through Chicago, lit in Kansas City, got my bearings next in Pueblo, Colo., and blew into Salt Lake City early on the morning of the 14th, and wherever I struck mother earth along the way I made her give me of her increase in the way of good fat orders.

Never had such a trade.

The dealers simply threw up their hands when they saw me coming, and said: "About how many of these goods do you think we ought to have, Allen?"

Now this is unusual, and I can account for it in only one way.

It was that Garcia yell!

I was charged and surcharged with Garcia push, breathed into and through me by twenty, more or less, breezy, pushing young Ameri-

cans who came down to the station and filled me full of their overflowing life and energy. Of course the dealers threw up their hands when they saw me coming, and said: "About how much, Allen?" How could they help it?

And, boys, I rose to the occasion.

My idea of how much they needed bore a close resemblance, as to size, to the ambitions and aspirations of the Garcia Club. They winked and blinked, but took the medicine. And with the echoes of the Garcia yell following me through the gorges and *canyons* of the Rocky Mountains, and across this great American Desert, echoes that gather force and strength as they follow on—with these behind and a great Mogul engine on before, making a dash for the Sierra Nevadas—to-morrow will see me in San Francisco, boys, loaded to the guards with a determination to do that town, and do it well.

And as I sail out through the Golden Gate with my next stop, Honolulu, two thousand

miles away, I'll bear in mind the Garcia boys and drop you a line from that point.

What do you know of Salt Lake City, boys? One of the most beautiful and interesting cities in the world, is this modern city of Zion. She has one hundred miles of brook-lined streets one hundred and thirty-two feet wide. She nestles down in Salt Lake valley with lofty snow-capped mountain peaks on every side, with Great Salt Lake a few minutes' ride away, itself one of nature's greatest wonders—a sea 2500 square miles in area, with salt enough in it to supply the world through countless ages. And to take a bath in this Great Salt Lake! I didn't hit it this time boys—it was too early in the season—but I have on former trips, and I give you my word you'll carry the sensation to your dying day should you ever take the plunge. Your Uncle George had to hustle for all he ever got until he took a bath in Salt Lake, then he struck a swim where he didn't have to "kick and paddle." The water bears you up without an effort, and you float

around like so much cork. You couldn't possibly sink if you tried.

But to get back to Salt Lake City.

Four thousand feet above sea level that city of Zion stands, fanned by mountain breezes, with genial climate and with hot baths within her borders, the water boiled by nature's furnaces underneath the ground.

Salt Lake's clearances are one hundred million dollars per annum. She has spent $700,000 for school buildings in the past two years. She has a city and county building that cost $1,000,000. She has 60,000 population and draws tribute from a country one thousand miles in diameter, and tourists come from the ends of the earth to gaze on and wonder at her marvelous charms and take her health-giving baths. She stands four square, does this modern city of Zion, with more broad streets running at right angles than any city I have ever seen, and with a temple of worship the most costly in America. Five million dollars this temple cost and forty years was it in building.

The founders of the Mormon Church conceived and planned it, and some of them lived to see it finished.

A wonderful church is the church of the Latter Day Saints of Utah, whose headquarters are in Salt Lake City. By all odds the richest church, per capita, of all the churches in Christendom. Notwithstanding the crookedness of their creed, its founders were great heads. Pushed from pillar to post, they settled in the great American Desert, and they have made the desert blossom. With consummate skill they planned an organization which holds its adherents in a vise-like grip, and is at once a business and religious institution, which for material success may well cause the "Gentile world" to take off its hat in silent admiration. And they know the Scriptures, do these Mormons of the Mormon Church. The same identical Bible, boys, that you and I make a stab at learning, they learn.

That is, from Genesis to Revelation it is the same as ours. They have added "The Book

of Mormon" to it. The deacons, elders and Sunday-school teachers of our churches would find it necessary to brush up in their Bible lore if they wished to cross swords in scriptural argument with an average Mormon layman or Sunday-school scholar.

Your Uncle George has gotten into arguments with them on former journeys through their land, and he has always found it convenient to change the subject and discuss the scenery, crops, trade or some other worldly theme, on which he was, alas, better able to hold his own.

As I left my hotel in Ogden to-day, on my way to board a car bound for the depot, the bell boy, a lad of some dozen years, not half as bright naturally as any boy in the Garcia Club, walked with me, carrying my little grip.

"Are you a Mormon boy?" I asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you attend Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What was your lesson last Sunday?"

"We reviewed our last twelve lessons."

"What was one of those lessons about?"

"About Jesus and the woman of Samaria."

"What do you know about that lesson?"

And, boys, he could have told me in less time what he didn't know about it.

"What was another lesson?" I asked.

"Jesus and the ten lepers."

"What do you know about that lesson?"

Say, boys, I wish I knew how to sell furniture as well as that little Mormon boy knew all about that Sunday-school lesson of the ten lepers.

"How much do you give to the church?" I asked.

"Ten cents of every dollar I earn."

Just then my car came along and I handed that little Mormon boy "two bits." I felt morally certain that two and one-half cents of it would find its way into the treasury of the house of Zion.

A Mormon miner struck it rich a few days ago. He found a mine that yielded him $250,-

000. He promptly drew his check for $25,000 payable to the order of the Church of Zion.

The bell boy, the capitalist and all the grades between, pay tithes to the Church, one-tenth of their income. "Your tithes, your tithes," is the cry of the Mormon Church, and whatever else the Mormon does with ninety per cent. of his income, there is no "shenanegan" about ten per cent. of it. It goes right into the treasury of Zion's Church of the Latter Day Saints. If there is any "shenanegan" played with it after that, he doesn't know it and doesn't have to bother his head about it. The heads of the Church take care of that. All Mr. Mormon Layman has to do is to go right along, pip the Scriptures, earn another bunch and cut off ten per cent. And he does it, too. Which goes to prove my assertion that the founders of the Mormon Church were great heads. "Bring me all your tithes into my storehouse and I'll open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that you can't contain," or words to that effect, you'll find in the Scriptures, boys.

You'll find them over in Malachi somewhere, just this side of Matthew. Chances are your uncle hasn't given them verbatim, but that is the gist of it. I have no Mormon layman or Bible handy to refer to.

Yesterday's *Salt Lake Tribune* gave an account of the passing away of a bishop of the Mormon Church.

From what I read, I gathered that this bishop fashioned his life in many respects after Jacob. He was full of years, full of honors and had children a-plenty.

"Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage, and they have not attained unto the days of the years of the pilgrimage of my fathers," Jacob confessed to Pharaoh.

You'll find it over in Genesis somewhere, boys; I can't give you the chapter and verse.

Now while this particular saint in Zion's household, who recently passed away in Salt Lake City, might have joined with Jacob in his lament over the length of his days and sev-

eral other matters, he certainly had no kick coming on the score of children. Jacob had only twelve sons and a daughter on record to his credit, while our Salt Lake City hero had twenty-nine, nineteen of whom survived him and likewise two wives.

The latter part of that statement, as chronicled by the *Salt Lake Tribune,* taken with other things that come to the surface on one's journey through Mormondom, leads your uncle to say "alas and alack" for the Edmunds law, which went to join six of the bishop's children—the six who don't survive him—when Utah was promoted to Statehood.

Good-bye, boys! "Lunch is now ready in the dining-car," the porter says. I'll send you another letter for *The Garcia* from Honolulu.

Your Uncle

GEORGE.

The Garcia

VOL. I. CLINTON, N. Y., JUNE, 1901. No. 6

Uncle George's Second Letter.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

On Board Empress of India, bound for Hong Kong, May 27, 1901.

MY DEAR BOYS: Your Uncle fully intended to sail out through the Golden Gate on the Coptic, May 21st, and drop you a line from Honolulu, but the trade up the coast were pining for some Garcia breeze, and I couldn't find it in my heart to say them nay.

My only object in giving the coast towns the shake was to touch at the Sandwich Islands en route to China and tell the Garcia boys about them and, on the side, satisfy my own curiosity as to what they were like.

This line of steamers, by odds the finest and

fastest on the Pacific, running in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, doesn't touch at the Sandwich Islands, but after leaving Victoria makes no stop until Yokohama, Japan, is reached. The agent for the Canadian Pacific and this line of steamers, in San Francisco, who was keen to sell me transportation over his line to China, assured me, when I told him what was on my mind, that the Sandwich Islands would keep. That if I was in a hurry to get to Hong Kong, his shop had the goods. Waxing eloquent, he said: "The steamers out of 'Frisco for the Orient are boats; they float—when they don't sink—but, man alive," he said, "do you want to get to Hong Kong—do you want to *get there?* Is *time* any object to you?" (I ought to be in Hong Kong this minute, boys, but I looked indifferent.) "Well," I said, "I want to see the Sandwich Islands."

I like to hear a salesman talk, boys, when he is on to his job. I can always get some pointers, and this fellow was a crackerjack.

"My friend," he said, "those Sandwich Islands haven't moved a peg for a thousand years, and they'll stay right where they are for another thousand—I'll guarantee it. See 'em next time. See here, you look like a man who values time. The Coptic sails to-day at 1 P. M. The Empress sails six days later, she'll catch the Coptic in the Inland Sea of Japan, pass her and run into Hong Kong June 18th." "And the Coptic?" "Oh, she'll get to Hong Kong the next day—if she *don't* sink."

I bought his goods, made Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Vancouver on the way, have their scalps at my belt, and we are just off for Yokohama, and touch in a few hours at Victoria, across the Georgia Gulf, where I'll mail these lines to Clinton.

* * * * * * *

Some twenty-two years ago, boys, your Uncle lived in a little town in Pennsylvania, about half the size of Clinton. There was no debating society there, but in "Goose Town" (that wasn't the name of the town, but that

was what our town called it) there was a healthy debating society, held in a district school house every Saturday night.

"Goose Town" was five miles away. Now in that town, where your Uncle lived, there was living another young fellow about your Uncle's age, John we'll call him. That wasn't his name, but we'll call him John, and the only thing in this story that isn't true is that this boy's name was not John.

John was teaching school out in the country, coming home Friday nights to spend Sunday, and saving his money to go through college, and your Uncle George was painting furniture in a furniture factory. While John and your Uncle sat, one Friday night, on a dry goods box in front of a village store, wasting our time, we made it up to go the next night over to "Goose Town" to interview that debating society.

That was in the early fall. I can't remember that we missed a Saturday night at that little debating society, until the following June.

Neither of us had a horse, but our neighbor, "Daddy Gray," had a horse and a buckboard. As it comes back to me now, "Daddy" must have been an easy mark, because John and I made a deal with him for his horse and buckboard (it was a good rig, too) for every Saturday night to go to "Goose Town," and the price was fifty cents per night. We had to be our own hostlers, which was just as well, because sometimes we got back late and "Daddy" was getting on in years.

No matter the wind, no matter the weather, rippity clip, over frozen roads, plinkity plunk, through muddy roads, John and your Uncle with "Daddy Gray's" horse and buckboard went to "Goose Town" debating society, from October to June. That was twenty-two years ago, and twenty-two years has not been long enough with its jolts and jars and muddy holes to drive out the friendship that was jolted and jarred into John and your Uncle George as they went rippity clip over frozen roads and plinkity plunk through muddy roads to "Goose

Town" debating society. It is hard to measure just how much good "Goose Town" debating society did John and your Uncle, but it is safe to say that the Garcia Club owes its inception to it.

John went his way through college and into the ministry; your Uncle his, through the factory into business—a drummer on the road. John always got there. A poor boy, with his way to make, he was valedictorian of his class in college. He took hold of the Gospel and pushed it as business men push their business. All these years John and I have swapped stories about pushing our respective lines.

John is a good fellow, you can depend.

Somehow or other, drummers don't associate with preachers very much, but many of *my* dearest friends are preachers. I think they are just as good as we are. I know John is.

I've been to John's house and John's been to mine. He preached in Clinton once about ten years ago, and he waked the echoes of the old Stone Church. John wakes 'em up wher-

ever he goes. He got the hang of it in "Goose Town" debating society. He pushed his line in different places, from one big church to another, always enthusiastic. Why, boys, if by some unwise decree all preachers had to stop preaching and hunt a job at something else, I wouldn't borrow any trouble about John. I believe John could sell goods on the road.

Whatever John does, he always does it as if he were doing it at so much per—by the job. All these years as I have heard him preach, from time to time, it seemed to me that John was preaching just as most of us drummers have to make sales—on commission, no sale, no pay.

Well, one of the biggest churches, out here on the Pacific coast, wanted a preacher. As they pay $5,000 a year for their preacher, they were a little particular about whom they got. John preached so hard (or easy) in an Eastern state that they heard of him clear over here on the Pacific coast and invited him to come over, at their expense, and preach a couple of

sermons for them. If they'd asked me about him I could have saved them that expense. I'd have guaranteed that they'd want John.

John has been preaching here on the coast now for some little time. I spent last Sunday with him, and as I heard him eloquently pouring out great gospel truths to between thirteen and fourteen hundred souls (that's the average size of John's congregation), and as I saw and felt that great gathering drinking in the truth, I could almost hear "Daddy Gray's" buckboard say "rippity clip, plinkity plunk," and that buckboard and "Goose Town" debating society seemed to have a part in the sermon. As we walked to John's home from church that night, he admitted to me that they had, and no small part either.

Good-bye, boys, I'll write you from China for your July *Garcia*. Your Uncle

GEORGE.

The Garcia

VOL. 1. CLINTON, N. Y., JULY, 1901. No. 7

Uncle George's Third Letter.

On Board Empress of India, Northern Pacific, Mid Ocean, 180th Meridian.

June 4, 1901, the next day after the 2d. Boys, your Uncle George is bursting with a big thing. I'm putting it down on paper as fast as I can. We sailed out of Victoria on this good ship on the 27th of May. Struck into the Northern Pacific Ocean and had seven days of cold winter weather, some snow, no storms, just a monotonous, steady grind until we sighted the Aleutian Islands on the morning of the second of June. They were in sight all day, and for several hours only two or three miles distant.

They are cold, bleak and barren mountains. We struck the 180th meridian after losing

sight of the islands and then we lost the next day, Monday, the 3d.

But I've something to pay for the day I've lost.

Your Uncle has got it in for the school text books, boys.

They aren't playing fair by the youth of America. They don't explain many things they should make clear, and then, again, they create erroneous impressions with the pictures in their books.

Take the losing of a day going west and gaining a day going east at the 180th west meridian, for instance. They don't make that point clear to you.

They've left it for your Uncle George to do, and your Uncle is a busy man and has other fish to fry, but when he sees a great yawning gulf of silence which should be filled with golden information, you know your Uncle well enough to know if he has the coin he'll fill the gulf.

And he just has.

He picked it up on shipboard to-day.

Now your school books tell you that there are four minutes of time to each degree, and then they rattle around the subject, but don't tell you in a clear, concise and understandable manner just how that day is lost and where it's gone, or just how it's gained and what you do with it after you've got it.

My idea is that they've been fighting shy of the subject and haven't dared to tackle it, and I've good reason to believe that your Uncle George has discovered the true explanation and he's going to give it to *The Garcia.*

We sailed up to that 180th meridian, crossed it, and lost the day with a snap, and it set everyone on board talking about it—explaining how it was—all but your Uncle George.

He just kept mum and listened.

I tell you, boys, there's nothing like traveling and keeping your eyes and ears open to get knowledge that you can't possibly find in books.

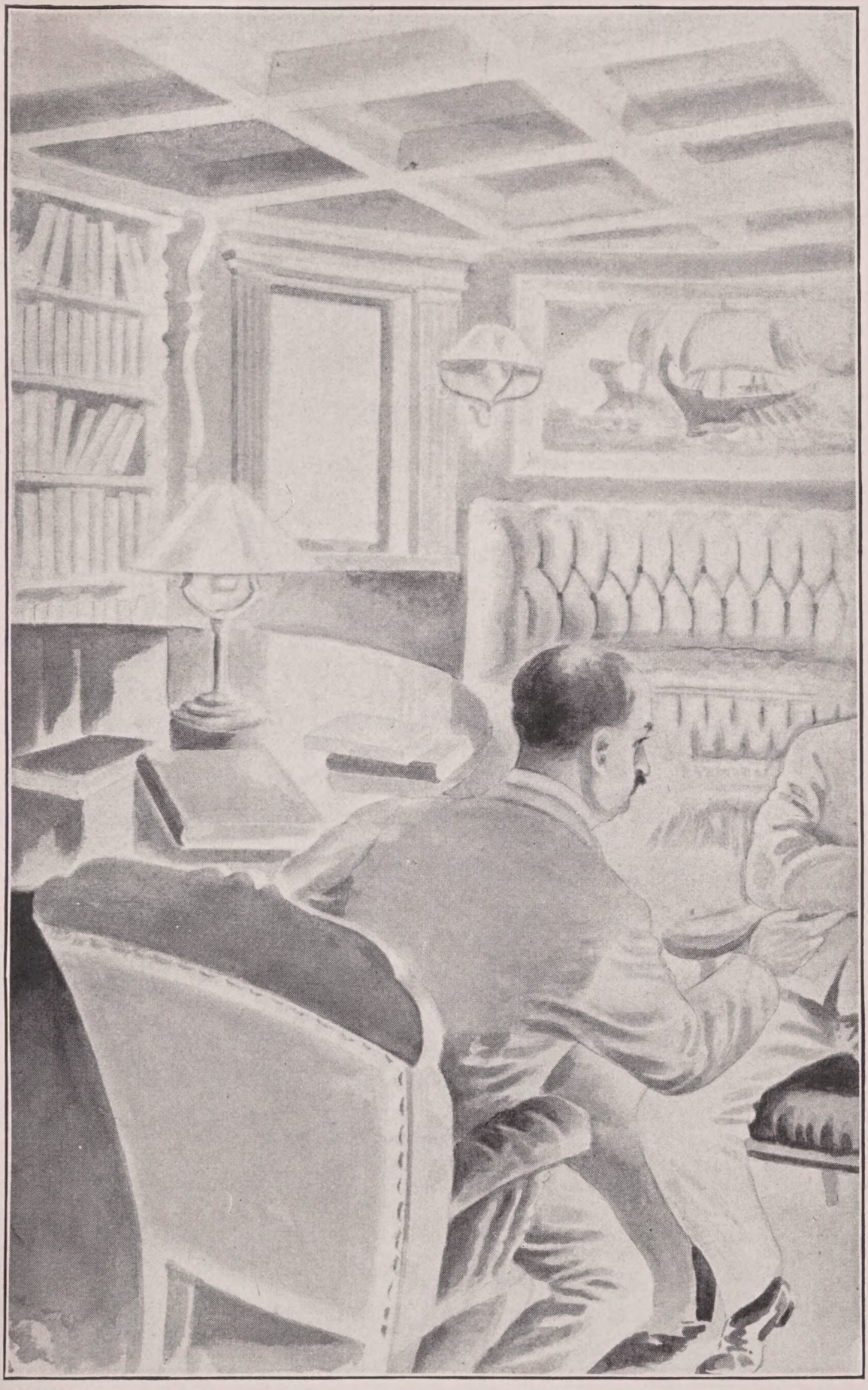
I've sat around all day just listening, and night's come and I've got it—it's my meat.

Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge is on this ship, going out to Japan to relieve Admiral Seymour. He takes command of the British Asiatic squadron when he reaches Yokohama. He is one of the most affable, genial, kindly gentlemen I've ever met.

I sought him out this evening in the library and finding him disengaged, asked him if he could spare a few moments of his time. He said he could, and I told him I was correspondent for *The Garcia,* a monthly magazine published in the United States, a periodical designed to disseminate information, to throw light and understanding into hitherto unilluminated corners; that I knew an Admiral in his Majesty's navy would be authority on what I had on my mind; that I believed, after listening all day to nearly everyone on shipboard, telling how it was, that I had found the true explanation of the dropping and picking up of the day at the 180th meridian, and would he kindly listen to it, and if he found any flies on it would he shoo them off?

He said he would and I thanked him and told him that I understood it was this way:

"The earth being about 8,000 miles in diameter, its circumference would be a little more than three times 8,000 miles, or in round numbers about 25,000 miles, and the equator being an imaginary line drawn around the centre from east to west, the lines of latitude running parallel thereto, and the lines of longitude running north and south, thus cutting the earth's surface into imaginary squares, or approximate squares, their exact geometrical description not being necessary to this definition, the aforesaid longitudinal lines terminating at the north and south poles, the north pole being situated at the northernmost part of the earth's surface—which nobody can deny—and the south pole being situated at the southernmost part of the earth's surface—a like indisputable fact—it also being obvious to the most casual observer that the poles being situated as they are, and where they are, they cannot come into juxtaposition; the only juxtaposition



"I TOLD HIM I UNDERSTOOD IT WAS THIS WAY."—Page 38.

of the poles being confined to the Poles of Poland, telegraph poles, hop poles, fish poles, bean poles, pole cats and other poles not in and of the class known and described as north and south poles, the earth revolving on its axis once in every twenty-four hours and making a tour of its orbit once in each calendar year, the moon influencing the tides of the sea, the currents of the sea having some influence over current events, but none to speak of over white currants, black currants, red currants or currant jelly, the earth being encased in its own atmosphere, through which we are able to see the heavenly or celestial bodies, it being an indisputable fact that "There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, the sun, and moon, and stars, one star differing from another star in glory," it naturally follows from the foregoing—in fact it's patent to the most clouded intellect, any minds and all minds at once leaping to the logical conclusion that, if all the inhabitants of the earth now residing east of the meridian of Greenwich and west of

the 180th meridian west were to pack their grips and start from the meridian of Greenwich at high noon, setting their watches with Greenwich time, and travel westward with the velocity of the sun, and if at the same time all of the inhabitants of the earth now residing west of the meridian of Greenwich and east of the 180th meridian west would likewise pack up and start eastward, making their start from the meridian of Greenwich at high noon with their watches set with Greenwich time and also travel with the velocity of the sun, all the travelers taking care meanwhile not to monkey with their watches aside from keeping them well screwed up and oiled, they would find, upon reaching the 180th meridian west, that their watches were just twelve hours off, and in the light of the above explanation, even the most feeble-minded will at once clutch the idea that the obvious and natural thing to do is for all hands to change watches as they cross the line and keep on going with the velocity of the sun until they reach the meridian of Green-

wich, from there to separate, each finding his way home as best he can, changing his watch to local time when he gets there and wakes up in the morning and hears the cock crow; and as we have been turning out tin watches over in Connecticut with the velocity of the sun for a number of years, and retailing them for a dollar at a profit, the United States would stand pat on the watch deal and not get left in the general and rapid swap."

Your Uncle stopped here to take breath and to take a peep at the Admiral. I confess, while I was pretty certain in my own mind that there weren't any holes in my version of the thing, as I'd been pumped full all day of how it was, and had carefully discarded in my explanation all that I'd heard that sounded trashy or improbable, still when it came to giving it to an Admiral of the navy, a Vice-Admiral at that, and of the British navy to boot, I was just a little anxious to know how it would strike him.

The Admiral was crying, but they were tears of joy.

"Mr. Allen," he said, reaching out and taking me by the hand, "that's the best explanation of that point I ever heard on shipboard; don't lose a minute, get that down on paper as quick as ever you can."

I thanked him and turned to go—you can't write up a thing of that kind too soon after it happens—when the Admiral said, "And, Mr. Allen, send me a copy of the magazine."

See that you do it, boys. Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, Commander of Asiatic Squadron, British Navy, Yokohama, Japan, will reach him.

Whew! Your Uncle George has poured out all that liquid, molten thought and will take a few turns up and down the deck while it's cooling in the sand.

Half an hour later.—I've taken it out of the sand and looked it over, boys, and it's all right. If some smart Alec tries to explain to you that the watches would be right when they got to the 180th meridian, if they left Greenwich with Greenwich time and traveled with

the velocity of the sun, bat him in the eye.

That "velocity of the sun and twelve hours off at 180th" I caught from the president of a theological seminary and it's all right. You've got it just as I gave it to the Admiral, and the Admiral says it's all right. It's the boiled down, concentrated wisdom of a ship load of fellows, many of whom have crossed the meridian several times, and have the holes to show where the lost days went through as well as the days they've picked up when they crossed it going east, and which just fit the holes.

I shall not trim that explanation in any way whatsoever. It stands just as it is, with the Admiral's unqualified endorsement.

June 10th, running into Yokohama.

Another week has passed, dear boys, since the above happened and your Uncle George is able to be around. We had four days more of winter then struck the Japan current and delightful balmy weather. Yesterday we ran into a school of whales and I have another fight

with school books. It's the pictures this time.

Your Uncle only has a few of his boyhood dreams left, and when facts from real life smash one of these dreams he can't fight with the facts, so he takes it out in kicking at the pictures that wrought the dream.

Have the geographies of to-day a picture of a whaling scene? They had when I was a boy, some icebergs in the distance, a ship at anchor, some men in a row boat, being scattered to the four winds, while the whale smashed the boat into kindling wood with his tail, another boat coming up with a nervy sailor in the bow plunging a harpoon into the whale, more whales in the distance and the whole bunch spouting water in double streams a hundred feet high.

That picture has stayed with me all these years, photographed, as it were, on my very soul, and the photograph worked in, in fast colors, by the licking I got because I studied it so hard that I didn't have my spelling lesson —all kinds of "suasion" used in those days,

boys. How your Uncle studied that picture! He studied it so hard that in a misty way *he* became that fellow in the bow, plunging the harpoon clear through the monster, and—the kinetoscope wasn't invented then, but just the same the picture moved and the gallant spearman, after the spear act, struck the attitude of Washington crossing the Delaware, as shown in the histories of that day, and then grandiloquently waved his arm and gave orders that the sailors lying around loose in the water, spilled out of the other boat, be rescued.

We sailed right into a whaling scene yesterday. For five miles we passed through a school of whales. Whales all around us spouting, the biggest kind that grow. So many of them that the ship had to change her course to avoid running into them. The chief officer tells me that this ship, on former occasions, has run into whales and that the whales always come off second best, but that the ship won't run into one purposely. We passed, only a few rods away, a Japanese whaling boat with

a captured whale alongside, and the sailors cutting and hoisting blubber aboard. Now the one thing above all others that made the geography whaling scene stay by me, and made me fairly ache, as a boy, to go out and catch whales, wasn't the icebergs, the ship, or even the valorous sailor with the harpoon. It was the tremendous spouting of the whales.

Boys, whales don't spout water that way. They don't throw the water a hundred feet high in a double stream. They throw it up in a bunch only seven or eight feet high, very much like the spray of a wave breaking on a rock, but that picture got in its work when I was very young, and it stuck, and another boyhood dream is busted.

June 14th, running into Shanghai.

We make Shanghai at ten to-night and leave at 7 A.M. to-morrow for Hong Kong, our next stop. We have touched at Yokohama, Kobé and Nagasaki, in Japan. I've skimmed through these cities hurriedly, a few hours in each town, and seen strange sights and plenty

of them. To attempt to describe them would take too much space in *The Garcia.* Will tell you about them when I get home.

Your Uncle

GEORGE.

The Garcia

VOL. I. CLINTON, N. Y., AUGUST, 1901. No. 8

Uncle George's Fourth Letter.

HONG KONG, CHINA, July 8, 1901.

MY DEAR BOYS: I got to Hong Kong June 17th.

Boys, it's a solemn thing to get into as hot a place as Hong Kong in June. Your Uncle has, as the heated term approached, hied himself away to the North Woods, the Maine coast, or up into Canada, but this is the first time he ever came to the torrid zone to spend the summer.

Struck the town at noon.

It was not excessively hot on the ocean as we sailed down from Shanghai and your Uncle clung to his summer underwear, and that first night in Hong Kong it clung to him. You know

how it goes on, boys, when you go down swimmin' and don't have a towel, or time to wait till you dry, but you don't know how it comes off if you're foolish enough to have it on in Hong Kong in June.

Boys, you need a derrick!

But Au Sing Fat (my chambermaid, a very obliging Chinese boy) and I managed, and the next day I went out and ordered suitable clothing for the torrid zone — white shoes, white cork helmet and six white linen suits.

They make them for you while you wait, and so cheap it seems to you that you blush when you pay the bill, and blush again when you learn that the Chinaman soaked you. The next day, to get even with yourself, you go to his competitor across the way and order six more suits for luck (a dozen don't come amiss), and this time pay the proper price.

Properly clothed for the torrid zone and my business finished in Hong Kong, I went to

Canton, ninety miles up Pearl river, headquarters for the goods I came to buy, where I have spent two weeks and am back in Hong Kong ready to sail for Manila on the next ship, to-morrow.

A great town is Canton, boys. Largest city in China. Three or four million Chinese there, and only two hundred foreigners. The wonders of the city can't be described in a letter to *The Garcia.*

I was the guest of an English firm, export brokers and ship owners, who attend to invoicing for export and shipping to America the goods I buy. Mr. Halyard, the genial manager of this firm's Canton quarters, took me to call upon a rich Chinese manufacturer of matting. I had expressed my desire to see how the wealthy Chinese lived.

Mr. Ching Po Foo was a most delightful host. Upon our arrival in sedan chairs, at his house, Mr. Ching ushered us into his reception room, half room, half garden, and immediately his two little boys, five years old, ran to

greet us, cordially shook hands with us and said "Chin, chin."

Through several rooms and summer gardens we were shown, the Joss room being the most interesting, and finally into the dining room, where we were served with delicious sponge cake, tea and fruit. I could not manage the ivory chop sticks to pick up the lichees (a fruit the size of a plum with a thin orange-like skin, and a delicious pulpy inside, for which, however,, one must cultivate a taste, as for olives), which were served in dishes banked with flowers. With one of the little boys on my knee, Mr. Halyard took our photograph while we sat at the table, and then, much to my satisfaction, as a special favor to the foreigner, Mr. Ching presented to us his two wives.

Chinamen keep their wives in the background, but Mr. Halyard has a pull with Mr. Ching.

Takes his whole output of matting.

Mr. Halyard speaks Chinese and worked his pull for me.

I ship goods in Mr. Halyard's boats.

Mr. Ching has only two wives living; number one and number three.

Number two died.

I didn't inquire into the cause of her death or commiserate Mr. Ching on his loss of number two.

Mr. Ching has wives enough.

Fact is, one too many.

Not that wives aren't a good thing.

They are, boys!

Positively the best things on earth, but one at a time is enough.

They are such good things that one *is* enough.

Number one came mincing in on her little feet—her "golden lilies." She was in ordinary dress. Number three didn't have little feet, but was gorgeously attired in brocaded silk.

Mr. Halyard asked the privilege of taking their photograph for the foreigner, whereupon number one left us and presently came back arrayed like number three, in beautiful silk.

We were still at the table and I wanted them to sit at the festive board with us for the photograph, but they wouldn't stand for that—or sit for it either, at table with men. Chinese wives don't dine with men.

Mr. Ching, the boys and I got up and Mrs. Ching—or the Mrs. Ching—that don't sound right—ah! I have it— the Madams Ching, sat down and Mr. Halyard took the picture. I cordially thanked Mr. Ching and the Madams Ching (the latter much to Mr. Ching's surprise) for their kind hospitality and invited the whole bunch to come and see me if they should ever come to America. We all said "Chin, chin," and Mr. Halyard and I took our departure.

Mr. Ching's house was scrupulously clean, inside and out, contradicting many stories on Chinese life I've read, which lead one to think that the Chinese are universally filthy.

I have not mentioned the little baby girl in Mr. Ching's family, brought for our inspection in the nurse's arms, a bright little tot

of a year. As soon as she has learned to walk her feet will be cruelly bound.

The next day, my work in Canton being over, I was the guest of an officer on the United States gun boat, stationed there since the Boxer troubles, a savage-looking double-turreted monitor, carrying two 12 and two 10 inch guns and numerous smaller ones. She is kept at Canton for moral effect.

We were at tiffin, when a member of the United States Consulate at Canton came rushing into the dining salon and announced that there was to be a Chinese execution at one o'clock. It was a quarter to one and we had gotten to dessert.

Immediately the officers began to apply to the lieutenant-commander at the head of the table for permission to go ashore. They needn't have been in a hurry, though, as the granting power proposed to go along.

"Do you want to go, Allen?" I was asked. "No," I said, "the poor Chinamen haven't done anything to me; I don't want to see their heads

chopped off. What are they cutting them off for?" I asked.

"Robbers, river pirates."

"No, please excuse me," I said.

My host was disappointed. Those officers had been waiting for this member of the Consulate to put them on to an execution, that they might carry home the experience, and here was the opportunity.

Seeing the situation, I turned to my host and said, "Don't mind me, go with the crowd; I'll excuse you," but he politely declined, whereupon I reversed my decision and announced my desire to go with them.

We hustled off the ship into a waiting sampan boat, five of the ship's officers, the Consulate officer and myself, and hurried across the shameen to the hotel, where a Chinese guide had eight sedan chairs, with three bearers to each chair, in waiting for us. It was to be a long and hurried ride, three and a half miles into the heart of the city.

The Consulate officer was dropping car-

tridges into a Colt's army revolver and strapping it to his side. "What are you taking that thing for?" my host asked him. "You might as well have a pint of peas along as your gun. If we get into trouble it will only make things worse."

"Well," the Canton member said, "I'll have the satisfaction of plugging six of them if they try to do us." "Why," I said, "there's no danger over there; I've gone all over the city for the past ten days alone, entirely unmolested; better leave your gun here. If we get in a jam, or excitement, it might go off and then we'll have trouble. They won't hurt us, they are as mild as sheep." "Yes?" he replied. "I always take my gun with me when I go into that city."

We started off in single file, through streets some of them only three or four feet wide, some of the *boulevards* as wide as twelve or fifteen feet, all densely crowded with Chinese. While I had spent ten days in the city, the ever interesting sights along the way made me

forget, for the time, the errand on which we were going. We arrived at the execution ground at two o'clock. Two of the officers who had arrived a few minutes in advance of the rest came to meet us as we rode in with, "Too late, boys, it's all over!" and I had a feeling of relief; but the guide assured us that there would be an execution that afternoon.

The execution ground of Canton! Who has not read of it with its frightful sacrifice of human life? No battlefield on earth can boast of so many slain as that bit of ground has witnessed. As we think of our elaborate execution machinery in the United States and the fuss and feathers surrounding the meting out of simple justice to a criminal convicted of murder and sentenced to be executed, it's hard to understand from description the simplicity and directness of the Chinese mode.

In the heart of the city a bit of ground twenty feet wide and about two hundred long, lined with dwelling houses, shut in with large wooden gates—that is the simple description

of the place. Here the heads of criminals are chopped off, or they are killed by slow strangulation, or by the "Ling Chee," which interpreted means "death of a hundred cuts." It is done by tying the victim on a wooden cross and slowly killing by one hundred knife cuts, this punishment being inflicted only for killing one's father or mother. At other times this gruesome ground is used as a pottery works—the "potter's field" with a vengeance.

Large earthern vessels, drying in the sun, covered the ground as we rode in. Soon a few soldiers arrived and gave orders that a space be cleared, which was done by piling the pots one on top of the other. Aside from our party there were about two hundred Chinese spectators, some of them the laborers in the pottery works, and the rest, those who lived in the houses adjoining the ground and who thus had access to it.

Until four o'clock we waited, when with great theatrical effect the executioner, accompanied by two apprentices, came in on the run,

bearing several swords encased in canvas bags.

With great gusto, the knives were drawn from the bags and laid out upon a plank supported by the earthern pots. For about five minutes the executioner strutted up and down the ground, when, with a shout and a whirl, in rushed twenty-four coolies, bearing in baskets (such as are used in Canton for carrying pigs and refuse), slung on poles, twelve criminals condemned to execution.

The crowd of Chinese spectators set up a delighted shout; the coolies dropped their burdens with a thud and turned the wretches sprawling on the ground as if they were so much dirt. Their hands were tied behind them and their feet were manacled with log chains, but they scrambled to their knees as best they could and bent their heads forward in readiness for the executioner's sword. At this juncture four more coolies came rushing in, bearing two more criminals, and the Chinese spectators set up another delighted yell—*fourteen* to serve at

death's banquet instead of only twelve! These were dumped out of the baskets and they were all arranged kneeling in a double row as two would walk abreast. Their queues were done up in knots at the top of their heads and strips of common brown paper, folded to the size of about two and a half by twenty-four inches, on which their accusations, names, residences and death sentences were written, were stuck inside their jackets at the back of their necks, reaching up fifteen inches above their heads.

Quickly an officer of the law ran down the double row, snatched the death warrants out of their jackets and all was ready for the execution.

Selecting a sword with a blade five inches wide and twenty long, the executioner stepped to the *head* of the rows and with a quick, single stroke struck off the foremost wretch's head, before the eyes of the waiting thirteen. With a kick, he sent the body forward, and down that double row of kneeling men the monster

"Struck off the foremost wretch's head before the eyes of the waiting thirteen."
Page 60.

went, and in one and one-half minutes he had chopped off fourteen heads. Each time, as the knife came down, the Chinese spectators gave a delighted yell.

Wiping his sword on the pantaloons of the last victim, the executioner held it up for sale. Thirty Mexican dollars he asked for it; one of the boys bought it for eight. He pocketed the cash and coolly commenced gathering up the heads of the slain, throwing them in a pile, as if they were so many pumpkins; and two officers began to pry the three-quarter-inch iron rings off their ankles.

The lieutenant-commander and I stood at the foot of that gruesome row of slain. With a shudder I looked at the executioner's one and one-half minutes' work, and turning to my companion, said, "Commander, if justice is satisfied, I am; let's get out of this!"

We walked to the gate enclosing the ground and the question that occurred to both of us was: "How are we going to do it?" The street was packed with a howling mob of

Chinese. The gates were thrown open for us to pass out and the Chinese guards beat the crowd back, striking them in their faces with fists and bamboo sticks. I thought of the Consulate member and his little gun and decided that the warship's 12-inch guns would better suit the occasion if we should have trouble.

"We'll get our crowd together," the commander said, "and all start at once." Two abreast, the commander and I ahead, we ranged up before the gates, which in the meantime had been closed. Signaling the guards to open them again, the commander gave the order to move, and as the waters of the Red Sea parted and let the Israelites go through dry shod, so that mob of Chinese parted and we went through like a steel wedge driven through soft cheese, to the place where our chairs had been taken after bringing us into the ground.

Truth compels me to state it that way, boys. No thrilling adventures here; but surely you've

had blood enough in this story, without asking for more. The whole affair was blood-curdling, and I noticed that it affected the men of blood and war, who served at Pekin last summer in the thick of the fight, quite as much as myself, a rank civilian. We all decided that nothing could induce us to witness another. As for myself, it was not the actual striking off of the heads, the ghastly spectacle of fourteen headless men weltering in their gore, nor the gruesome sight of the pile of heads that sent the supreme shudder of horror through me. It was the rushing in with the condemned, borne in pig baskets, by men of their own kind; the dumping them on the ground, and the manacled wretches obediently struggling to their knees, to get into position to receive their death blow. As we got through the crowd and reached our chairs, it chanced that my coolies got me chaired first, so I led the van out of the city which had lost all interest for me.

The ghastly scene stayed with me and I was

oppressed with the awfulness of human existence. There was a pain in my heart and a wonder in my mind as to what God intended to do, ultimately, with one-third of his earthly family—one-third of the living human race, here in China. I had just seen fourteen of his children, men made in his own image, sent into eternity without the benefits of clergy or an introduction to their Maker. I gave the conundrum up— it's too big for your Uncle George —and the next day bought a Chinese newspaper, the only one in Canton that made any mention of the affair.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Ching Poy Woo, interpreter for the United States Consulate here at Hong Kong, I append a translation of the article.

Please note the brevity, the simplicity, the directness, the lack of all newspaper sensationalism, in this description of the execution of fourteen men for stealing, in China. Compare it with the accounts in our own journals—yellow or otherwise—of some one man in the

United States, going to a death justly merited, full of beefsteak and choice viands (these fellows looked half starved), and smothered with bouquets and sentimental verses. I'll only remark that "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives"—or dies. I've tried to show you a little of this half.

The following is a translation of the article appearing in the *Printing Bureau of the Peaceful and Refined,* on July 2, 1901, at Canton, China.

* * * * * * * *

EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS BY THE NAMPAI AND PUN-YU MAGISTRATES.

On July 1, the Nampai Magistrates in compliance with instructions from the high authorities, took from jail twelve condemned robbers entrusted to his custody by the police department, viz.: Yip Ah Shun, Wong Sair Kivi, Chan Au Tuck, Lee An Wu, Yeung Ah Mee, Wong Ah Sen, Yip Ah Wei, Sung Ah Cheung, Mak Ah Fun, Lo Ah Gay, Lee Ah Git and Lau Ah Bing, who upon being clearly identified, were then bound and taken under military surveillance to the Execution Ground and were beheaded. At the time of the condemned

passing the Magisterial Stand, the Magistrate closely observed the condemned Yeung Ah Mee, and then and there decided, that, he being very young as to age and genteel as to countenance, it is deeply to be deplored that he had become a robber. "Alas! what is the reason?" When the criminal Lau Ah Bing passed The Magisterial Stand he again resorted to craftiness in not owning his own name, whereupon the Magistrate rendered the verdict that the Criminal even at this juncture is disowning his name, but it avails him nothing as it is altogether too late and it only tends to show that he is relentlessly depraved.

* * * * * * * *

The Pun-Yu Magistrate also on that day respectfully applied for death warrants for two robbers, namely, Kong Tia Tong and Leong Au Bui who had been condemned by the high authorities to be decapitated. After having been brought out and identified, they were at once bound and under the surveillance of military officers, were taken to the Execution Ground and beheaded.

Good-bye, boys, I'll write you from Manila.

Your Uncle

GEORGE.

P. S.—As I read the translation of that

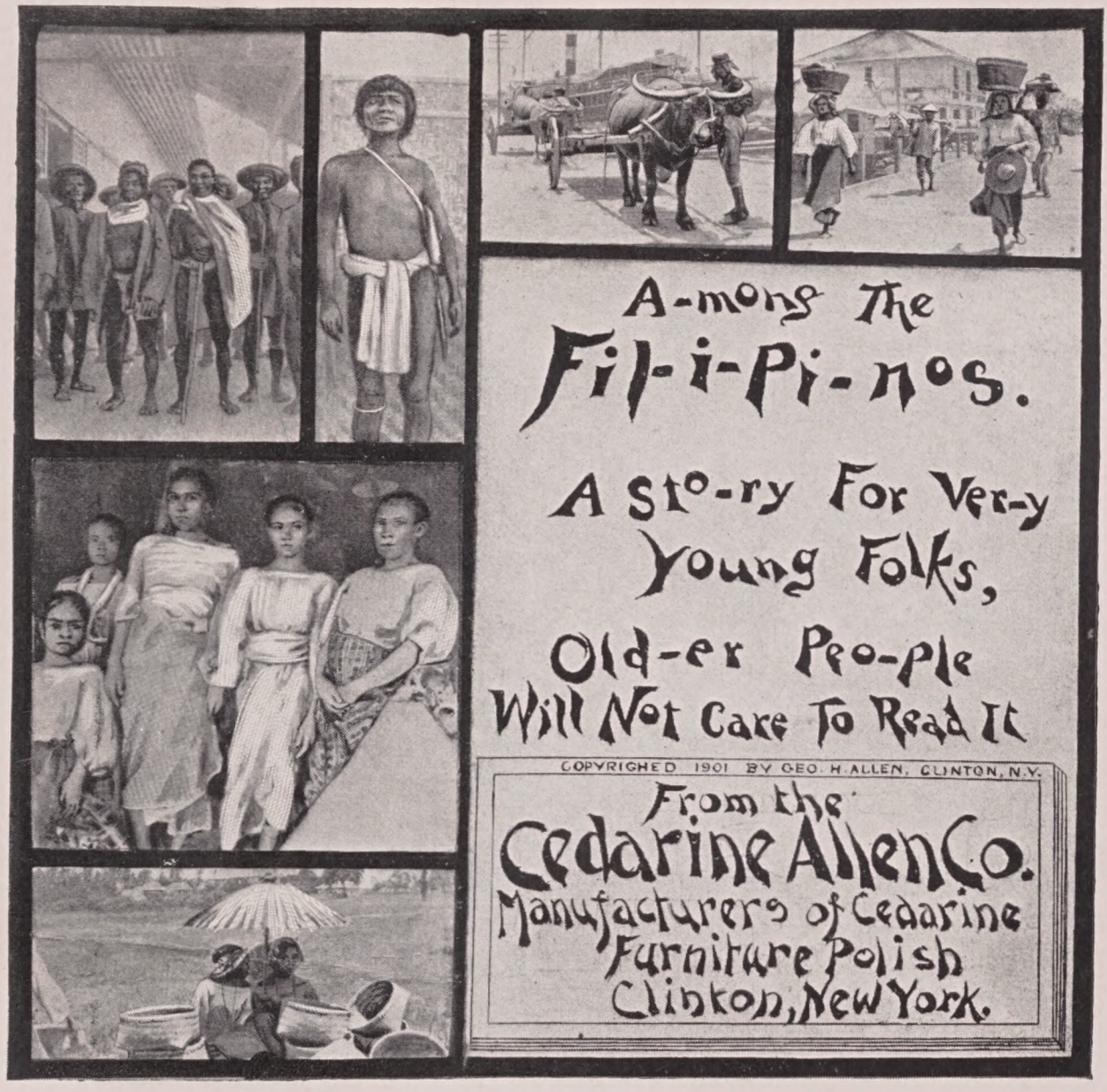
Chinese newspaper account, boys, and call to mind the fun and gayety the scene afforded to the Chinese spectators, it seems a strange irony of fate that two of the names of the condemned were Mak Au Fun and Lo Ah Gay, and that they both came together and it all took place in the "potter's field."

The Garcia

VOL. I. CLINTON, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 9

Owing, probably, to Uncle George's prolonged trip among the smaller islands of the Philippines, his letter has failed to reach us in time for our September *Garcia*, but the Cedarine Allen Co., for whom Uncle George is advertising manager, has loaned us cuts and permission to publish this little advertising booklet, "Among the Filipinos," which Uncle George got up for his house.

We think it so good that we are publishing it and not charging advertising rates for the space it takes.


A-mong The
Fil-i-Pi-nos.
A sto-ry For Ver-y
Young Folks,
Old-er Peo-ple
Will Not Care To Read It
COPYRIGHTED 1901 BY GEO. H. ALLEN, CLINTON, N.Y.
From the
Cedarine Allen Co.
Manufacturers of Cedarine
Furniture Polish
Clinton, New York.

See The Man And The Ox.

The Man Is On The Cart.

His Name Is Un-cle George.

Can He Make The Ox Go ?

Is It Not A Strange Look-ing Ox ?

It Is Al-so Call-ed A Car-i-bou Or Wat-er Buf-fa-lo.

The Ox And Cart Are In The Mud.

Is The Road We See A Road Out In The Coun-try ?

Oh No ! It Is One Of The Best Streets In Da-gu-pan And Gives A Ve-ry Good I-dea Of What Kind Of A Town Da-gu-pan Is.

Da-gu-pan Is The Se-cond Ci-ty Of Im-port-ance On The Is-land Of Lu-zon.

It Is The Ter-mi-nus Of The Ma-nil-a And Da-gu-pan Rail-road.

It Is Three Hun-dred Years Old.

Have Not The Fil-i-pi-no Peo-ple Done Well To Build Such A Nice Ci-ty In Three Hun-dred Years ?

Is It Not A SHAME To Op-press These Peo-ple With A-mer-i-can Civ-i-li-za-tion ?

"One Of The Best Streets in Da-gu-pan."

Ah ! What Have We Here ?

Un-cle George Is On The Ox's Back.

Is He Still In Da-gu-pan ?

Oh No ! He Is Now Three Miles Out Of Da-gu-pan In The Jun-gle, And The Roads Are So Bad He Can Not Go With The Cart And Must Ride On The Ox's Back or Walk.

Has Un-cle George Caught a Fish ?

No, Un-cle George Has Not Caught A Fish ? He Has Las-so-ed A Wild Ig-or-ot-te Chief. The Ig-or-ot-tes Are Tribes Of Wild Men Who In-fest The Jun-gles And Woods A-round Da-gu-pan.

Is Un-cle George A Las-so-er ? Oh Yes ! Un-cle George Is A Las-so-er From Way Back. When He Was A Boy On The Farm He Prac-tic-ed Las-so-ing So Much That All The Calves Had Sore Necks.

If The Wild Man Does Not Stop Pull-ing He Will Have A Sore Neck Too.

How Did Un-cle George Come To Have A Las-so With Him ?

"Has Un-cle George Caught A Fish?"

He Took It With Him To Tie The Ox So It Could Graze At Night.

Oh Dear ! Oh Dear ! Oh Dear !

Will Un-cle George Shoot The Poor Wild Ig-or-ot-te Chief ?

Well That De-pends.

Un-cle George Has A Scout With Him Who Speaks The Ig-or-ot-te Lan-guage, And Who Car-ries Un-cle George's Cam-e-ra.

The Scout Has Or-ders From Un-cle George To Pho-to-graph Any Thing, Of In-ter-est, A-long The Way.

The Scout Is Now Aim-ing The Cam-e-ra At The Wild Man And Tell-ing Him If He Does Not Stand Still And Look Pleas-ant Un-cle George Will BLOW HIS OLD HEAD OFF, And In-ter-lard-ing His Re-marks With Ot-her Words Which Will Scorch Holes In A Blank-et.

The Scout Used To Drive Ar-my Mules And Is Ad-dict-ed To The Use Of Harsh Lan-guage.

"Stand Still And Look Pleas-ant."

Old-er Peo-ple May Read On The Next Page.

No Oth-er
Furn-i-ture Pol-ish
Is So Good As
CEDARINE
Furn-i-ture
Polish.
Do Not For-get
The Name
C-E-D-A-R-I-N-E
Use Cedarine
And The Au-thor
Will be
Your
Un-cle George.

The Garcia

VOL. 1. CLINTON, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1901. No. 10

Uncle George Is with Us.

Well, Uncle George is home. We were a delighted lot of Garcia boys to see him. Mixed with our joy at having Uncle back again was a feeling of consternation in the breasts of the editors of *The Garcia.*

We wouldn't think of finding fault with Uncle George, but—well, the fact of the matter is, we were just a little bit put to it to know what to do—just how to fulfill our contract with our subscribers.

We went before the public with something of a flourish last May. Told it that Uncle George was going around the world as a special correspondent for *The*

Garcia. To have our special correspondent going around the world and dropping us letters from the remote corners of the earth seemed to us like a pretty good stroke of enterprise.

And it was, too.

And Uncle didn't fail us.

He "got there" once a month with a letter to *The Garcia.* We got to depending on him for copy. We were looking for another letter from him from Calcutta, or Bombay, or Jerusalem, when, instead of a letter, we got him.

Don't think we aren't glad to see him. We are. But we can't print Uncle George. We told him so and asked him how we were going to square ourselves with our subscribers.

He looked at us kind of funny, and asked whether we would call it square and let him off on the deal if he would deed us his house and lot on College Street and

throw in a gold mine or two in the Philippines on which he held an option?

We told him we didn't know what he meant by that, but if he was trying to joke about it, that it was no joking matter.

We told him that we had jumped our magazine from eight to twelve pages, and had to fill it up with something—that we needed copy. Then he looked solemn and suggested, as time for our October *Garcia* was getting short, that we place an order by cable with Kipling, or Salisbury, or Marie Corelli, or Jerome K. Jerome for an article for our October *Garcia*, or, better still, that we dash off a few spicy articles ourselves to fill up.

We told him that he wasn't sticking to the question under discussion (we learned that from Uncle George himself. He has jacked us up more than once

when we strayed from our subject in our debates), the question was: "How were we to square ourselves with our subscribers and give them articles from Uncle George, on a tour around the world, when he had only gone half around."

He admitted that it was quite a problem and then he strayed from the point again, and remarked something about it being expensive traveling in Oriental countries.

It began to look as if he was going to throw us on our own resources and we began to think.

We asked him if he would tell our Club about his trip at our next meeting and he said he would. We aren't worrying any more.

Our program for last Saturday night was a talk from Uncle George on his personal experiences on his last trip.

We made a deal with a rapid stenog-

rapher and Uncle talked a streak. The stenographer took it down and we have material enough for *The Garcia* for several months to come.

We publish here a part of Uncle George's experiences just as he gave them to the Garcia Club, and shall publish monthly what he told us just as the stenographer caught it until the material is used up.

" 'Boys,' Uncle George began. 'I'm glad to see you. You're a nice healthy looking lot of boys. As my grandfather used to tell me, when I was a boy, 'if you behave yourself as well as you look, you'll be all right.' I notice you've cut your debate and almost everything else out of your program for this evening, and have invited me to be the whole show.

Well I'm flattered but a little disappointed. I'd my mind made up to listen to some ringing Garcia boy eloquence this evening. Of course I'd scarcely recognize it, you'll have improved

so in the past five or six months. But it'll be my turn next week to listen to you.

As you know I got to Hong Kong on the 17th of June. As you don't know, your Uncle was scared stiff inside of an hour after he got there — took me three days to get over it. Never wanted to go home so bad in my life. As this is a true story I'm telling you and no romance, when I was scared I'll tell you so, and when I wasn't I'll tell you so, which the latter was mostly when there wasn't any danger, or none that I knew of. I can hold my own with any one at being brave when there is no danger, but in Hong Kong I was scared, rattled, and wanted to go home.

They had the black plague when I got to Hong Kong. They were dying between fifty and sixty a day with it. Europeans were dying with it—something unusual. Heretofore Europeans have rarely taken it.

I bought a paper and read the record of deaths. The deaths among the Chinese were more than the cases reported.

'Well to-day, dead the next. Well at noon, dead at night. Seventy thousand Chinese left Hong Kong, scared out by the plague,' was a sample of the way the reports read.

Didn't blame 'em. I'd have left too if I'd had any friends in the country. I walked up to the clerk in the Hong Kong hotel, where I was stopping, and asked him: 'What are the symptoms of the black plague?'

'Sore throat, feverish, tired feeling, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness,' were some of the symptoms he named.

I was scared, I could hardly swallow, I felt feverish. I was tired, very tired. Mouth tasted like a green persimmon and I was dizzy. Oh! I had all the symptoms of black plague then and there. All this happened within an hour after I struck Hong Kong. I asked the clerk what was a good thing to stave it off. He said, 'Keep cool and don't think about it.'

I got hot, thought about it and got worse. Next day I didn't feel so bad and the third day in Hong Kong I wasn't scared at all. Had

gotten used to it—get used to almost anything, boys.

The third day in Hong Kong I was taking tiffin at the Hong Kong Club with our consul general, a United States navy paymaster and the Standard Oil Company's representative, who were stationed at Hong Kong. I told them I was going to Canton on the night boat. Canton is ninety miles from Hong Kong up the Pearl river. 'Go to Canton!' they said, 'black plague is awful in Canton. The reports are that they are dying two thousand a day up there.'

'Yes?' I said, 'that's what they say over at the hotel but I've got to go to Canton.' Came to China to go to Canton. After tiffin I left them to get ready to take the evening boat for Canton and got there the next morning. Canton had a clean bill of health. There was no black plague there, and that's a fair sample of the reliance you can place on the reports you get of the state of affairs existing in any town, outside of the one you happen to be in, in any Oriental country I have ever travelled in. Can-

ton, boys, is the most wonderful city, in many respects, I have ever visited. It has an estimated population of four million Chinese, while the foreign population is only two hundred and fifty individuals.

That fact is peculiar. No other city in the world of its size, or half its size, has so small a foreign population. The missionaries have been in Canton for a hundred years trying to preach Christian civilization into the Chinese. The theory of the church is that the heart must be educated, that the simple gospel story must be preached, and they have preached it. And China hasn't budged, to speak of. Ninety-five per cent. of her population are living on three cents a day. When a man comes direct from American civilization where ninety-five per cent. of the population are living in comfort, and is set down in the midst of China and finds a nation of plodding industrious people, all willing to work, struggling for that three cents, his first question is: 'What's needed to jar them?'

One hundred years of gospel truth hasn't done it.

I think your uncle is a peculiar combination. Certain it is, I didn't run across just such another pilgrim on my journey.

I was a business man, 'missionarily inclined,' as my friends in business put it. That's an unusual combination in China.

There are three thousand Christian missionaries in China and fourteen thousand foreigners (aside from the soldiery) who are not missionaries. These fourteen thousand are in China for self and pelf, to make their pile and go back to their respective countries to enjoy it, exactly what the Chinese we find in America are in America for. I belonged to the fourteen thousand class. I went to China commercially bent, to make money out of the Chinese. To buy goods in a cheap country to sell them in America, which is a dear country.

My mission in China was a business proposition and the only philanthropy there was in it was to get gain. I naturally found myself

thrown among my class, and if there are any among that class in China, who believe in missionaries, uphold them and take their part, it was not my good fortune to meet them. I don't say they're not there, I only speak of my own personal experience. I didn't meet them. I believe in the missionary cause, because I believe in humanity and I believe that someway, somehow, sometime, God Almighty, through the instrumentality of men who believe and live the gospel story, will lift China and the rest of the Orient out of the slough of despond and the degradation of grasping, griping, grinding poverty, ignorance and superstition it is now in, to something better and higher.

It is to do this, that the missionaries are in China. Their lives are spent in Oriental countries for this purpose. I found myself, when discussing missionaries with my class, taking the part of missionaries, defending them, and contrasting the motive that brought them to China, with the motive that brought us there,

and giving to the missionaries the credit for the higher motives. I hunted up missionaries and talked with them. Most of them I found good fellows, broad minded, and all that I found I judged to be sound hearted. I asked them what they thought about it, 'weren't they discouraged?' They said they weren't.

If I were to find any fault with the missionaries at all, I'd say they aren't discouraged enough. They take the situation too complacently. They're deceiving themselves with the belief that eventually they'll Christianize China while her population is living on three cents per day. Personally, I don't believe they ever will. A man *can* be a Christian on three cents a day. A few of the four hundred million Chinese have tried it and were brilliant successes as the martyrs during the Boxer troubles proved. But our missionaries in China wouldn't be Christians on it long. They'd soon be angels, those who wouldn't throw up the job. White men can't live on three cents a day. Many of them wouldn't find grace

enough in the Book from Genesis to Revelation to hold them to it,—at three cents a day. They ride around on the backs of men in China and preach: 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light,' and the Chinaman 'no can savy how.'

What China needs is twentieth century industrial progress mixed with the gospel story, about half and half, I should judge. If she can be made to take the combination, she'll pull out and get to going to the good, and one missionary will then be able to do the work of ten, under present conditions. But I was in China to buy Chinese goods. The remarks I've made are only to show you how the situation struck me as I journeyed through. The thoughts that come to a man, as he goes along, are a part of a man's experience and that's what you've asked me for and what I'm giving you. I wrote you about the execution of fourteen criminals that I saw in Canton. I left the town, came back to Hong Kong and took a ship for Manila.

The Garcia

VOL. I. CLINTON, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 11

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

It's only a six hundred mile sail to Manila from Hong Kong and there are some very good boats plying between those ports.

The feelings that came to me as I neared the Philippine Islands were deep, and broad, and long. I'd been filled pretty full of fairy tales of those wonderful isles and of the Filipinos, who were being oppressed by an ambitious power, and I was going to see with my own eyes what a big thing we'd got. I was prepared to be sorry for the noble Filipino, who had lost his land through the fortunes of war; but any little qualms of conscience I may have had along that line, were swallowed up in visions of the glorious land that was now

ours with its timber propositions, and mineral propositions, and agricultural propositions. Oh the goodly land, that I'd read about, and heard about, and had spent my good hard cash and precious time to come to see—I had to sit on my feelings to keep them down.

I'd heard big men tell about those Islands, at Chamber of Commerce meetings, at banquets and at political gatherings; great big fellows who ought to know what they were talking about if they didn't. Some of these great big fellows had been there and seen them, and I supposed, of course, they knew what they were talking about.

I think so yet.

But after spending fifty-five days in the Philippines, after riding the length of the only railroad they've got, sailing the length of the archipelago on the things they call steamboats, after hiking over and riding over them on horse back, bull back and man back, I whistle softly to myself and say: 'Don't be too hard on the boys, they were only doing the

best they could for the fellows who paid their expenses there and back and a salary for their time.' My enthusiasm for the Philippine Islands was dampened upon landing in Manila and seeing the noble Filipino where he grows —it was the rainy season. The noble Filipino is noble only in the songs of a handful of men from Boston.

I won't say there are no American enthusiasts over those Islands even now in the Philippines. There are. But that's not surprising. Dickens tells of a fellow who enthused over a meal of turnips and water. I met some of those enthusiasts myself and ran down some of their stories. I'll tell you about them before I get through. The majority, however, of the Americans in the Philippines express their feelings about the Islands with a word that begins with D and ends with n. They don't write that way for publication though, because the Americans now in the Islands are mostly soldiers, and in the same boat as the chaps who had their expenses paid to go to see them and got a salary for their time.

I bought a ticket in Hong Kong that read: 'One first-class passage from Hong Kong to Manila.' I paid sixty dollars, Mex., for it. I expected, of course, to be landed in Manila, my ticket read that way. But I wasn't. I was set down in Manila Bay, three miles from Manila. I had the privilege of swimming ashore with my baggage or paying four dollars to be taken to Manila in a tough little boat. I can swim pretty good, but I took the boat. The fact that I can swim pretty good was a comfort to me many times, before I shook the mould of the Philippine Islands off my feet—it was so damp in Manila that I could pick mushrooms off my shoes every morning.

I was landed at the Custom House, at the dock, where the American flag would have been flying, but for the fact that it was being rained on so vigorously that it clung to the flag staff, and looked like a 97-pound bather coming out of the surf at Atlantic City wearing a rented suit built for a 300-pound man. But it was the American flag and I was glad to see it, sozzling

or waving. I was an American citizen travelling from one part of America to another as I supposed, as Dewey had taken the port more than three years previously in the name of the great American nation, and had set our flag up there, to say nothing of that twenty million dollars we had paid to Spain for what the whole world recognized as hers, taking her receipt in full for the Islands. However, I had in my baggage a dozen watches made in the United States by an American manufacturer, a friend of mine, who asked me to take them to Manila for him and find out what opportunities there were to sell his watches in our new possessions. I had to pay a duty of over 200 per cent. ad valorem on those watches. I sold them in Manila for a little less than the duty amounted to. My friend isn't trying to open up a trade with the Philippine Islands on his watches. Not yet. The field isn't ripe yet for his American watches in that portion of America. We still pay Spanish duties on imports into the Philippine Islands and on exports from

the Philippine Islands into the United States. We haven't got around to take them off yet. We seem to be running after that street car after we've caught it, and as one of our papers puts it: 'We don't know whether the flag follows the constitution or the constitution follows the flag, or the flagstitution follows the const, or the constiflagtion follows the stute and we're all mixed up,' but that isn't so surprising after you've seen the Philippine Islands.

A worse mixed up mess of a country it would be hard to imagine. It would be hard to mention what is not needed to make it a desirable place to live in. The chief need of all is labor. Order will eventually come out of chaos if American capital and genius are given a chance and encouragement. Our present policy is: 'The Philippine Islands for the Filipinos,' and the Filipinos will make about as much out of the Philippine Islands, as the North American Indians would have made out of the United States, if, a hundred years or so ago our policy had been, 'North America for the North Amer-

ican Indians.' A man who won't work, who has no ambition, who only wants enough to exist on, is a monstrosity. We have them in the United States. They are tramps, hoboes, a fester on the body politic. We have only a few in comparison to our population and they don't cut much figure. But find a nation where the vast majority are of that class and you have a tramp, a hobo nation, and that's what the Filipino nation is. They have made no effort worthy of the name to make anything of themselves or their country.

We sometimes hear people wish that they might live in primitive conditions and be nothing but happy. If you want to see a practical outcome of that kind of living you'll find it in the Philippines. Degradation, squalor, poverty, is the result; an infinitely worse condition than any kind of animals will get into when left merely to exist, because God never intended that man should live that way. Man's destiny is a struggle up to something higher and better, or to sink below the level of the brute creation.

Whether it's Spain's fault that the Filipinos are where they are, or the Filipinos' fault, is not the important question. They *are* where they are and the United States has taken the situation on its shoulders and a good share of 'the white man's burden' we will find it. That we will be a bigger, grander, better nation for the doing of it I have no doubt, and be richly paid in every way in the onward march of a world's scheme, but it will get away from us if we don't handle it in a practical way.

The average voter in the United States who has, up to the present time, cheerfully licked revenue stamps to pay for our missionary venture in the far east, will begin to look for a fruition of the hopes and promises held out to him as a result of taking the Philippine Islands into our scheme, and if nothing more is accomplished than the policing of those Islands with thirty or forty thousand troops, he will begin to get tired and wish that Dewey had never gone gunning after those little tin boxes of war boats in Manila Bay. They couldn't

have done Spain much good nor us much damage, when you come to see the boats. I didn't see them all, only two of them, the best two. The ones we raised and Hobson refitted. For sentimental purposes I guess. I don't know what else.

The average voter will begin to wish that the Philippine Islands were in Bungay, or that we could trade them off for an equal amount of ocean waves, somewhere, anywhere, if we don't get to proving that the Islands are a good thing.

In their present state of development they're of no use to us. The Spooner bill has blocked all industrial progress. The exclusion of Chinese labor from the Philippine Islands is a grievous blunder. No matter how good the resources of these Islands are they are valueless without labor. The Filipino *may* work for Americans who attempt to develop the Islands. He has been a dismal failure working for himself or any one else who has ever tried to get him to work. Not in this century will white

men go from this country or Europe to be laborers in the Philippines. They are better off where they are. It's a question if they could stand the climate when they got there, should they attempt it. Chinese can, will and want to go there to work. But we have put up the bars —to keep the sheep out and the goats in.

No one helped me to the above conclusions. I arrived at them quite unaided after fifty-five days spent there looking around to see what were the opportunities for making money out of the wonderful resources that I had read and heard about in the Philippines.

After I got through the customs house and païd more than twice as much for duty on a dozen watches as I could buy the watches for in New York I looked around for some means to get to a hotel. A swarm of Filipinos loitered around and I secured one of them to go and hunt up a conveyance. In an hour he came back with a grin and a carrameto, a horrible two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one dilapidated pony. I was dropped out in Manila Bay at

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8 A.M. I got to my hotel at 2 P.M., which is quick work for Manila.

A decent dinner at that hotel and a look at the rooms which were not fit for habitation by a self-respecting traveling man—the rates were only $5 a day, so what could you expect—a change to another, the best hotel in Manila, and tough at that, where the rates were from $7 to $15 a day, and 6 o'clock had come and it was the evening of my first day in Manila.

The Garcia

VOL. I. CLINTON, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1901. No. 12

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

There is not a good hotel in Manila. There are several that advertise themselves as such, but the only first-class thing to be found, in connection with any of them, is the rates they charge. Their rates are strictly first-class. Think of a land of perpetual summer and no green peas except canned ones—canned peas, canned tomatoes, canned asparagus, all from the United States. Whether the climate will not grow these vegetables or whether there is not enterprise enough in the Islands to raise them, I can't tell. I was not particularly interested in their 'garden sass' resources. If these things grow or can be grown there, I am prepared to state that the

hotels, with a rate from $7 to $15 Mexican, per day, didn't furnish them to their guests. The only butter I saw was canned butter from Australia; the only milk, condensed milk from America. The only meat was canned or smoked meat, also from America, with the exception of chickens and caribou beef, the latter tough, strong and coarse. Bananas of an indifferent variety were furnished, but the only fruit that had a real fruit taste was oranges, from California.

The laundry question was more aggravating than the menu. The hotels positively refused to have anything to do with a guest's laundry. Their excuse, to myself, was they could not and would not undertake so great a responsibility. So the wayfaring man was at the mercy of the natives, whose language he could not speak. The pidgin English of China, easily acquired after a short sojourn in the Flowery Kingdom, is of no use among the Chinese of the Philippines, who invariably speak Spanish. There are Chinese laundrymen in Manila, who do fair

work, but I was not successful in getting one and had to depend upon the Filipinos, and that Filipino laundry was fearfully and wonderfully done. As pidgin English availed me nothing, I took a day off and learned a little 'caribou Spanish,' enough to get the Filipinos to undertake my washing and to 'bless them' when they brought some of it back. If they are not wearing, at this time, sundry articles of my apparel in the Philippine Islands, it's because they have worn them out. But for a prejudice I have in favor of wearing clothes, I regretted that they brought back what they did. They didn't pretend to get them clean. Their way was to take them down to the river—hard water and partly salt—souse them in, take them out, lay them on boards and with stones knock them full of holes and bat the buttons off. Then they smoothed them out with a plank. They charged 8 cents to do that to a handkerchief and 16 cents to do it to a pair of socks.

They have a street car in Manila. In a ten days' sojourn there, I saw it five times; from

which I gather that they run it every other day, which is once in two days too often. Such an excuse for a street car ought not to be allowed inside the city limits. It is drawn by disreputable-looking little ponies, hitched to it with ropes, and is such a tough affair that no self-respecting white man would be caught riding in it. Their other means of transit is the carrameto. None but the nation which invented the Spanish inquisition, could produce such a vehicle. The seat is directly above the axletree and you have to clamber in over the wheel. Visit Manila during the rainy and consequently the muddy season. Take a ride in a carrameto. By the time you're in, over that wheel, dressed in the conventional white, if your name isn't 'Mud' I'm a Dutchman. After you have jolted along for a mile or so you feel for your liver on top of your head and decide that you'd rather walk, which you do, and when you get back to your hotel you put your clothes in the wash, not with any hopes of getting them clean, but to give your dusky laundress a chance to

distribute the mud through them more evenly and knock off the button she missed the last time. The hotel at which I stopped had a livery in connection and their charge was $5.00 to hitch up and draw one around the corner in a carriage.

Up to the time of my leaving Manila, we had made it a clean city, built an ice plant and raised prices.

I had no trouble in getting an audience with Judge Taft, the first Civil Governor of the Philippines. The Governor granted an interview to every one who called on him, only restricting miscellaneous callers to certain hours of the day. As I bore a letter of introduction to him, from one of the highest officials in our land, I reached him quickly and easily. He asked me what I was doing in the Philippines. I told him I wasn't there for my health nor was I a fugitive from justice. He laughed and awaited my explanation. I squared myself with the Governor by telling him I was there to look up the resources of the Islands, particu-

larly the timber. 'Could he tell me where it grew in the greatest abundance and could he give me any general pointers that would make me glad I came?'

At this point of the interview the whole civil commission came into his office. He introduced me all around and I talked enthusiastically for a few minutes to that most honorable body of men, on the subject that lay nearest my heart, viz., the resources of the Philippines, which I had read and heard about, and was now on the ground to see.

I can't say how much I interested them. I noticed that none of them went to sleep nor even looked bored, in fact they all seemed interested. But they had met to discuss matters of state, so I got out more or less gracefully. That was Saturday evening. The Governor told me to meet him at 8:30 A.M. the following Monday and that we would go into the subject more exhaustively, in short, that we would go clear to the bottom of it. I went away feeling that the Governor was a mighty good fel-

low, and was on hand at 8:29 Monday, A.M. But the Governor wasn't. His secretary told me that he had a sore toe and that his physician had recommended that he stay at home for several days.

Over Sunday, at my hotel, I met one Lieutenant Bolton, who was stationed at Dagupan, 120 miles from Manila; the terminus of the Manila and Dagupan railroad, the only railroad in the Philippines. I told *him* what I was in the Islands for and he got enthusiastic and swore roundly that he was glad to see me. He said I was the first bird of the kind that he had seen in the Philippines. That all the American business men he had seen, so far, were saloon keepers or whiskey salesmen. That the soldiers had done the work that soldiers had come to do. That it was now up to civilians to come and do the rest and to see one come, on legitimate business bent, was a sight good for sore eyes.

'Mr. Allen,' the Lieutenant said, 'I'm stationed at Dagupan. I keep house there. I'm Provo Marshal of the town. I've got two ser-

vants, keep bachelor's hall, and I'd be most mighty glad to have you come and spend just as long a time with me as you can spare. I'm down here in Manila for a couple of days; going back next Tuesday morning; will you go with me? You can't go out to see the forests without a guide and guard. The natives would murder you for fifty cents, Mex.'

'Thank you, Lieutenant,' I said, 'I'm a man of peace. You'll never catch me going where there is danger if I know it. Governor Taft has asked me to call on him Monday at 8:30 A.M. After I've seen him, if nothing is in the way, I shall be very glad to accept your kind invitation and go with you to your quarters next Tuesday morning.'

After my call at Governor Taft's office, Monday morning, there was absolutely nothing in the way of accepting Lieutenant Bolton's kind invitation. I asked the Governor's secretary if he could get for me, from the Governor, a letter of introduction to General Smith, military commander of the province in which Dagupan

is located, and said: 'As I am going to leave Manila Tuesday at 7 A.M. could it be sent to my hotel to-day?'

He said it could.

Tuesday A.M. came, but no letter of introduction. I went to Dagupan on that railroad, the worst in the world, at least that I have ever seen. If there is, on this earth, a worse railroad I can't imagine what it could be like. One through train a day, the cars and stations unspeakably dirty, the speed twelve miles an hour. On the journey the train stopped opposite a sugar plantation and the fireman and engineer both jumped off and got some sugar cane. The fireman must have been busy sucking that sugar cane for the next hour, as our speed was about nine miles during that time. That road was built by English capital. The Spanish Government guaranteed the builders a ten per cent. annual dividend for putting it through. The stations along the way are fairly well built brick structures. But the rolling stock! the service! the speed! the dirt and discomfort of a journey

over it! The arrival and departure of trains is announced by the ringing of a dinner bell. Why, I don't know. I tried to guess a reason. My caribou Spanish wasn't sufficient to get an explanation from the noble Filipinos running the thing, so I decided that the engineer or engine didn't have spunk enough to whistle. This is not given as authentic, it's merely a surmise of my own after looking the lay-out over.

We got to Dagupan in the evening. Dagupan is not a beautiful city. It matches the Manila and Dagupan railroad. I have in the past tried to match dress goods for the women of my household. That's hard work. But if I'm ever sent out to find a town that is a good match for the dirtiest, toughest, most disreputable 'no count' railroad on earth, that will be easy. I know where to go. Dagupan, P. I., is the town. Dagupan is made up of a cluster of barrios (villages) and has probably 10,000 inhabitants. One rice mill, a primitive distillery for the manufacture of bena, the native drink —a sort of wood alcohol made from the nipa

palm—and a shipyard where boats (also very primitive) are made, constitute the manufacturing industries of the place. Its commercial side is seen in some Chinese stores where a limited supply of merchandise of a nondescript character may be found. I made the rounds of those stores to get a pound of nails to nail up the boxes containing some nipa palm suits I wanted to ship home. In one place I found some American wire nails, which I couldn't buy by the pound. The Chinaman who kept the store sold them to me by the dozen. I got what I judged to be a pound and had to pay eighteen cents for them. The religious interests of the town are represented by a musty, fusty church, redolent of the superstitions and bigotry of past ages.

Before leaving Manila for Dagupan I dropped a letter to Governor Taft telling him my post office address for a week, would be Dagupan and that a letter of introduction to General Smith would be gratefully accepted. After three days' sojourn in Dagupan I received this letter from Governor Taft:

OFFICE OF THE
CIVIL GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Manila, P. I., July 17, 1901.

George H. Allen, Esq.,
Dagupan, P. I.,

My Dear Sir:-

I have your note of the 16th instant telling me that you have gone to Dagupan, and enquiring whether there will be an opportunity for you to go on a Government boat in the next week or two to see something of the wooded portions of the Islands. I cannot tell you about the movements of the Government boats; that you can only ascertain by going to the Chief Quartermaster, Division of the Philippines, to whom I shall be glad to give you a letter. My impression is that you would be more able to go as you desire to go by consulting the Compani Maritima, who have boats going in all directions. Mindanao is a very wooded country, and the island of Basilan, which is not more than two hours ride from Zamboanga, is possibly the richest in woods in the Archipelago. There are boats, I believe, which run from Manila to Zamboanga, and you would find no difficulty in getting across to Basilan. I have sent a letter of introduction to General Smith for you which I suppose you already have.

Very truly yours,

Wm H Taft

At the time of my receiving Governor Taft's letter General Smith sent word to me at Lieutenant Bolton's house to call upon him. Governor Taft had written General Smith about your Uncle George and the General asked me what he could do for me. I told him I wanted to see the timber in the Philippine Islands. He told me to come to his office the next day and he would help me all he could. I called at his office and the General gave me a cigar and called a Sergeant and said to him: 'Point out to Mr. Allen on our map where the best timber in this district is located.' The Sergeant showed me where it was—on the map—and I asked the General how I could get there. He told me I could walk or go on horse back. I asked him if it was safe to ramble out in the woods, and in his opinion it was, but I noticed that his house, located on the best street in Dagupan, was patrolled by an armed guard every minute of the day and night.

I told Lieutenant Bolton of my interview and he said: 'Well I'll be d—! I thought he'd send

you out with an armed and mounted guard. If you want to get back to home and friends, don't you go very far out of Dagupan without a guard.' I knocked around Dagupan with Lieutenant Bolton for a week. If I had been the President of the United States, he couldn't have treated me better. I came back to Manila over that same railroad. It runs through the best valley in the Philippine Islands. Rice paddies, poorly tilled, towns composed of native shacks, a few sugar plantations, as you near Manila, and numerous cocoanut groves are the sights that greet the eye on the journey. Compared to the sugar plantations of our Southern States or of the Hawaiian Islands, those Philippine sugar plantations are as a boy's popgun compared to a Winchester repeating rifle.

There must be 'something in it' for him, if a man gets enthusiastic over the country along that line of railway.

The same high official who had given me a letter to Governor Taft, also gave me one to Gen. Arthur MacArthur, who, when the

letter was written, was Military Commander of the Philippine Islands. When I got to Manila, General MacArthur was en route for the United States (I'm sorry I didn't meet him. I know he must be a level-headed man), so I presented my letter to his successor General Chaffee. When you have a letter, boys, to a big gun, there's a gauntlet of little guns to get past before you get to the big gun. I got past several toy pistols with my letter and finally to a real live captain, with shoulder straps, Hutchinson, I think his name was. It's not material, we'll call him Hutchinson. He asked me what was my business with the General. I told him my first business with the General was to see him. He was an insistent sort of fellow. I guess that's how he came to be a captain, boys. I've noticed that the fellow who insists, and insists, and insists usually 'gets there.' The heights to which any of you may climb will largely depend upon the persistence of your insistence. *Insist* upon being what you determine to be, back up your

insistence with determined persistence and you'll be it. This captain wanted to know what the *nature* of my business was. I told him who I was and where I was from and what I was in the Philippine Islands for. I told him what I really *wanted* was an armed guard, with guns and pistols and swords and spears, to take me out into the woods to show me the timber I had read about and heard about.

'Oh my,' he said, 'you can't get that. We are handling this country with kid gloves now." Just what he meant I don't know. That's what he told me. 'Well,' I said, 'I want to see General Chaffee.' In due process of time, I was ushered into General Chaffee's private room. There he sat, a mild, quiet, unostentatious, medium-sized gentleman. When it came to dignified importance, he wasn't in it with the toy pistols outside. He shook my hand warmly and said he was glad to see me. I told him I was glad to see him, which was no lie. He pulled out a drawer to his desk and

gave me a Manila cigar. Manila cigars, by the way, in my opinion are all bad, but some are worse than others. This is no aspersion on the General's hospitality, the cigar he gave me was the very best that could be procured in the Philippine Islands.

We lit up and got to talking. We talked along easy-like, for half an hour. I kept my cigar going. Those Manila cigars usually went out on me, but this really was a pretty good cigar. Don't know where the General found them; most of those I bought tasted like tarred rope and smelled worse. In the course of conversation, I asked the General if it was safe for an ordinary citizen to go hiking out in the woods, to look up the timber propositions I had read about and heard about and come over to the Philippine Islands to see.

'Well,' the General said, 'if you go out and don't get killed, it's safe. If you go out and get killed it isn't safe.'

'Um huh,' I said, 'a kind of a toad-stool

mushroom-test. If you eat it and die it's a toad-stool. If you eat it and live it's a mush-room.' The General smiled and said that was a very good illustration.

My astute listener who has followed me closely, will observe that up to the present time, Uncle George hadn't really seen much of the timber propositions he had read about, and heard about, and had come to see; but follow him further, and you will learn before he left those Islands he got next to some of those propositions. I told the General I was going down to Mindanao which I had been told was one of the most heavily wooded islands in the archipelago. 'Would he give me a letter of introduction to present to military command-ers wherever I might strike them in the Islands?'

He cheerfully complied. I finished the cigar, took another that he offered me (they were really fair cigars), thanked the General and brought away this letter, and bade him good day.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Manila, P.I., August 3d, 1901

To the Commanding Generals Department of the Visayas and of Mindanao and Jolo and to Commanding Officers of troops in those Departments:

This letter will introduce to you Mr. George H. Allen of Clinton, New York who is on a visit to the Philippine Islands. He is commended to me by the Honorable Secretary of War, who writes at the request of his brother. Mr. Allen is looking through the Islands with a view to learning what he can of their resources, especially the location and condition of standing timber.

Any courtesy extended to Mr. Allen will be duly appreciated by him.

Yours very truly,

Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding the Division of the Philippines.

The Garcia

VOL. II. CLINTON, N. Y., JANUARY, 1902. No. 1

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

While in Manila I fell in with an official sent to the Philippines, from Washington, who was one of the enthusiasts I have mentioned. He was holding down a $6,000 job (gold, not Mex.)

'Mr. Allen,' he said, 'I'm enthusiastic over these Islands. Why, Mr. Allen, do you know that aside from the sugar lands, sufficient in area to produce enough sugar to supply the world's needs, aside from the wonderful timber proposition we have here, aside from the copper, iron, and coal we've got, there are untold millions of gold? Why! right here in the island of Luzon there are single twenty-acre tracts from which enough gold can be

taken to pay the paltry $20,000,000 we paid to Spain for the Spanish improvements on these Islands.'

'Yes?' I said, 'that's what I've read about, and heard about, and have come to see.'

'Well,' he said, 'they are here, and the richest gold fields are not in Luzon, they are in Mindanao. I have a friend in Mindanao, a civil officer, the head of one of the provinces down there, in the department of which I am chief, here in the Islands, and he writes me the gold prospects down there are fabulous. He writes me that in his province there is one tract where the soil is simply impregnated with gold. That it reaches from the bed of the river, of which he speaks, right up to the summit of the mountain. That you can put down a shovel anywhere on that tract and find gold in every shovelful of dirt.' 'Why,' he said, 'there are miners coming into Manila now from the Klondike country and from different parts of the States, and from South Africa. They hang around Manila just long

enough to get their bearings and then they slip off down to Mindanao and they are settling on claims and holding them down until Congress passes such laws as will enable them to get titles.'

'Well,' I said, 'Mr. Thusme' (Thusme wasn't this enthusiastic official's name, but we'll call him Thusme) 'I understand from Governor Taft that Mindanao is one of the most heavily wooded islands in the archipelago. I'm particularly interested in the woods of the Islands. I'm going down to Mindanao. Give me a letter to this under official of yours down there, I'll look him up and, with a letter from yourself, he may be good enough to put me next to this tract, and if he does I'll hike over it, and if I stub my toe on gold nuggets, I'll stake a claim myself.' I asked Mr. Thusme if he didn't know of some American, in Manila, that I could get to go with me to Mindanao, so in case we saw the gold lying close to the surface, we could locate together and be company for each other. Mr. Thusme had spoken of the

Dattos and chiefs of the Moro tribes down there, having spear heads of solid gold, and while I was willing to hunt for gold, on the side, I thought some company would be a good thing if the gold was hunting me, on the end of a spear, in the hands of a fierce Moro Datto. Mr. Thusme didn't know of any Americans in Manila who were not in the Government service and the Government frowned on any of its officials going into commercial enterprise of any kind. Mr. Thusme feelingly assured me if it weren't for that 'six' (Not Mex. but gold) he would shake the service, don overalls and blouse and stay by a claim himself. I couldn't exactly blame him. Six (gold, not Mex.) isn't a bad claim in itself with no necessity for overalls and blouse and no need for anxious waiting for Congress to do its duty. Mr. Thusme gave me the letter to his sub. in Mindanao, Captain Gotit (Gotit wasn't his name but we'll call him Gotit) and I left him. Now I hadn't caught the gold fever, not at all. I had simply heard a statement,

from a man on the ground, a high official, corroborating the stories of the resources of the Philippine Islands, that I'd heard about, and read about and had come myself to see, and while I hadn't seen anything in Luzon that stirred my blood, that aroused my cupidity, that fired my enthusiasm for our new possessions, I was willing, seeing that I had gotten as far as Luzon, to go the rest of the way, and Mindanao was the rest of the way, as it was the last island in the group. Now, there was stopping at my hotel, one Mr. Jow (we'll call him Jow because that wasn't his name), a civil and mining engineer, an American. He had spent years of his life mining in New Zealand, Mexico, and Arizona. Had come to Manila on the ship that brought me there, as an expert engineer to help figure on a contract. He had just finished his work on the very day that I had my talk with Mr. Thusme. On going to tiffin I found Mr. Jow debating whether he should take the next ship back to Hong Kong, en route for San Francisco, or stay in the

Islands and do some looking around. I told him if he was a practical mining man and loose, he would be a great chump to go back to America without a shipload of gold. That I didn't know any more about mining than a cat knew about astronomy, but that I had got wind of fabulous gold fields in the Islands, that I knew right where they were located or rather knew a man who knew a man who knew, that I had a letter from the man who knew the man who knew, and I proposed to take the next ship sailing in that direction. If he was willing I'd take him along for company, and in consideration of his — Jow's — practical knowledge of mining put him next. That we'd share the expense of the expedition and divy up, share and share alike on the gold we found.

Jow scoffed at the idea of fabulous gold fields in the Philippines. He said, 'The Spaniards have been hunting for gold here for three hundred years and haven't found enough to buy shirts for the natives.' I

pointed Mr. Jow to the fact the natives didn't want shirts, wouldn't wear shirts if they had them, that I had my information from high authority, and then I told Mr. Jow about the gold fields I had located. Jow wanted to know where they were. 'That's all right, Mr. Jow,' I said, 'if you want to go with me on my proposition, say so and we'll go together and share and share alike.'

I wanted Jow, or thought I did. Jow agreed and I showed him my letter and we made it up to take the next ship for Lurigao, Mindanao, which was the town where Captain Gotit was located, who knew where to put his shovel down and take up gold at every scoop, and who in view of the nature and source of my letter, would naturally put me next. That afternoon I called upon the biggest man, from a commercial point of view, in the Philippine Islands, bearing to him a letter of introduction from Governor Taft; my errand being to find out when the next boat sailed for Lurigao. This was on a Tuesday afternoon. This gen-

tleman, who was connected with the shipping industry of the Islands, informed me that the next boat was due to sail for Lurigao at 10 A.M. that day, but that boats in the Islands rarely left on the advertised day, and that she hadn't yet sailed. If he had said the 'advertised week,' he'd have hit it closer. He also kindly gave me a letter of introduction to one of the Dattos of Mindanao with whom he was acquainted, saying that if I got that far down it might do me some good. I had already learned enough of the ways of the Islands not to be in nervous haste to catch a boat advertised to leave that day, and took my letter to the hotel and showed it to Mr. Jow. Mr. Jow could speak Spanish and read it a little. He took the letter and began struggling with it. I stood by anxiously waiting for him to interpret it to me. 'What does it say, Jow?' I asked. 'Is it a good letter; will it help us with Senor Datto Piang?' Jow said as near as he could make it out he thought it would, that his Spanish was a little rusty but he thought it said in

one place that, ' Senor Allen was a good fellow, to *boil him slow.*' Jow and I went out that afternoon to buy some presents to take to our Datto, if we should get as far as Cottobato, and to look over the boat that was to take us to Lurigao. As we looked her over we had our doubts as to whether we'd ever get far enough on our way in the crazy tub to be boiled slow or fast by a Moro Datto. Jow was a very profane man and swore that he wouldn't trust his life in her to sail across Manila Bay, but I stiffened up his courage by calling his attention to the fact that she had navigated those waters, judging by her appearance, for at least three hundred years and would probably make one more trip in safety. If we didn't take her we wouldn't get another for a month, I said. So we engaged first-class passage in her for Lurigao. ' First-class ' is a relative term. First-class accommodation on that ship was two state rooms, six feet high, six feet long and five feet wide. There were six first-class passengers on that trip to Lurigao.

Jow and I and another fellow, who stood six feet two in his stocking feet, occupied one room. Our 'six-feet-two' friend could give Jow all the trumps in the deck and beat him at profanity. As he couldn't stand up straight in our cabin, or stretch out full length in his bunk, by two inches, there was a smell of brimstone all the way to Lurigao, strongly impregnated with bed-bug odor. These two odors fought for supremacy all the way with the brimstone well to the fore on occasions, notably when our tall friend would forget his length and make a vicious lunge for one or a dozen of the occupants of our cabin, not on the passenger list. Our deck companions were two pigs, a goat, a yearling calf and two mangy dogs. We didn't sail on Tuesday, the advertised date for sailing, nor on Wednesday, nor on Thursday, nor on Friday; but on Saturday at 4 P.M. we weighed anchor and started for Lurigao.

The Garcia

VOL. II. CLINTON, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 2

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

It was the typhoon season and our captain was a prudent man. As we got well out into the bay a typhoon was sighted in the distance and we turned tail and ran away from it. It was only 600 miles from Manila to Lurigao, with no port of call between, but what with running away from typhoons, it took us five days to make the trip. Five days on the ship and four days waiting at a $15 a day hotel, after her advertised date for sailing, made the trip in point of both time and money, more expensive than a trip from Clinton to Europe would be; and steerage passage on any of our Atlantic liners would be preferable to first-class on that ship. We were out of sight of land

many times. Running away from a typhoon in the open sea, in a creaking tub without a life preserver on her, made your Uncle vow that if he ever landed safe on any kind of shore, hostile or otherwise, he would stick to terra firma and never put to sea in that particular ship again.

Scared? Boys, your Uncle was scared eighteen hours of every day of the voyage and was so busy the remaining six with those first-class passengers in our cabin, not on the passenger list, that he had no time to be scared. After all, boys, a good healthy warfare of any kind has its compensations. I believe I'd rather fight than be scared any day.

We got to Lurigao, safe though bearing the scars of many conflicts, and as I walked the gang plank of that ship, I made a mental reservation to stay on land forever and ever and grow up with the country. If anyone had told me at that time, that two weeks later I would board that same ship to go back to Manila, I would have told him he wasn't acquainted with your Uncle George. But I did, for the very

reason that death on the ocean wave seemed preferable to ten days more of life in Lurigao. That ship, after touching at Lurigao, sailed on her way down the coast to Zamboango, and in two weeks' time was back in Lurigao with her cargo of hemp, that she had picked up down the coast. I was in Lurigao too, could have got a better ship back to Manila by waiting ten days, but ten days in Lurigao was ten days and—I wanted to get back to Manila.

Lurigao was a military station where civil government was being inaugurated All the civil and military officers were down to the dock to meet the ship, except the military commander, Captain Bevens. The arrival of a ship in Lurigao was an event and our boys were all on hand to see her come in, and get their mail. Jow, our tall friend and I walked to the town, a place of some three thousand inhabitants, in company with the civil and military officers. It was 6 P.M. and a hotel was on our minds. An Irishman kept the hotel, a good fellow, but he didn't run a good hotel. Its chief

deficiency was that it boasted but one bed and that was occupied by mine host. But he had rooms. He showed Jow and me our quarters. Our tall friend being an ex-soldier and a civil officer, who had come to Lurigao to take his post, found accommodation with the military officers. Our quarters was a bare room. 'Where do we sleep?' I asked mine host. 'On the floor,' quoth he. 'When will supper be ready?' piped Jow. 'I furnish no meals,' our landlord said. 'You can get meals at a restaurant around the corner, kept by an ex-soldier, who has just opened up a place.' 'What are your rates?' I asked. 'Reasonable,' he said. 'There is a tin wash basin out in the shed if you want to wash up. You'll have to furnish your own soap and towels.' Then he left us. Jow and I stood in the middle of our room, absolutely bare of furniture, not even a nail in the wall to hang a hat on.

'Jow,' I said, 'sit down and let's talk it over.' 'Where?' Jow asked. "On the floor," I said.

Of course, Jow swore, and I missed our tall friend, who could give Jow all the trumps in the pack and beat him at it.

'Jow,' I said, 'if you'll hunt up our landlord and make arrangements to have our baggage brought up from the boat, I'll hunt up the military commander, show him my letter from Chaffee, and ask him to loan us a couple of cots.' I found Captain Bevens, introduced myself and showed him my letter and asked him for the cots, but he wouldn't loosen on two cots, not even one cot. He hadn't any cots to spare, he said. Jow had managed to get our baggage, a couple of big grip sacks, up from the boat. We hunted up the ex-soldier around the corner, got some supper, came back to our hotel, of course the only hotel in town, and went to floor. As floors go, it was a good floor. We were not as thankful for the floor as we were for the roof. It was a good tight nipa palm roof, and it rained all night, not such rain as we have in the United States. It rained by the job, by the piece, at so much the inch, and kept

it up incessantly until sunrise. Jow swore, but I thanked God for that roof.

Between naps, when Jow wasn't swearing and I wasn't giving thanks for the roof, we talked the situation over. I asked Jow how he liked the country, what he had seen of it. He swore at the country, the rain, the landlord, the floor, the tin wash basin. He swore at everything that had happened since we left Manila. I didn't miss our tall friend so very much, Jow seemed to be doing well. There is no cloud without its silver lining; there were no bedbugs, and there was that roof, and if that were possible, it seemed to be raining harder. It stopped raining suddenly at sunrise. I advised Jow to arise from his downy couch and hit that wash basin, and I did the same and we went around the corner and got some breakfast. After breakfast I hunted up Captain Gotit and presented my letter. I told the Captain I was particularly interested in the timber resources of the Islands, but hearing of the glowing gold prospects, in Lurigao district, that if,

while I was looking for timber, I should run across gold nuggets large enough and in sufficient quantities, I wouldn't mind picking up a few, in short, that I'd stake a claim. The Captain told me that there was undoubtedly lots of gold in the district but that they hadn't unearthed it yet. This was disappointing and didn't correspond with Thusme's enthusiastic reports of that identical gold field, but I hadn't come so far not to investigate the fields. I asked him where the camps were and he said the nearest one was the Mansuran camp, ten miles back in the country. The Captain was the head of the mining syndicate in that province, and said what they really needed was more money to develop the mines, that they would have to put more money in before they got the gold out. This sounded reasonable. I have never struck a business yet where you didn't have to put money in before you took money out, and I have even heard of putting it in and never getting it out; but I was pretty close to one of the Philippine Island resources that I'd

heard about, and read about, and had come so far to see. I gunned around Lurigao all that day, finding out what I could find out. Jow didn't do a thing. Jow didn't believe there was any gold to speak of in the Islands; if there had been the Spaniards would have found it, he said, long before this. I asked him what he had come clear down to Mindanao for, and he said: "Oh, I'd have been a chump not to have satisfied myself about the Philippine gold stories while I was on the ground, but I don't believe it's here." Jow had struck a chair—borrowed it from the restaurant around the corner—likewise a cheap novel, and he read all day. Captain Gotit kindly loaned me an army blanket, a relic of his army service. So I had this on my floor the second night in Lurigao. Jow raised a blanket from the restaurant, and bought a bar of soap and some cheap towels, at a Chinese store, and we began to take on airs. Jow wasn't swearing so hard as he was, and altogether our cloud was taking on a wider margin of silver. The second day in Lurigao I said: "Jow,

what's the matter with starting out for Mansuran mining camp about noon to-day?' 'Oh, go to-morrow,' Jow said, and started in on another novel he had borrowed from the boys at the restaurant around the corner. The second day in Lurigao I improved each shining hour (it didn't rain all day) and Jow stuck to that borrowed chair and cheap novel. Jow wasn't just exactly pleasing me. He didn't seem to be much of a hustler, and furthermore he opposed every move I suggested, and didn't suggest any move to take its place. He didn't seem to want to do anything but hang back, sit on that borrowed chair, read novels and swear. He was getting to be the worst off ox I had ever hitched up with. That day, through Captain Gotit, I got acquainted with the Civil Governor and Secretary of Lurigao, and the Presidenti of the town, three Filipino gentlemen. The reins of government, for that province, had been placed in the hands of the Governor and Secretary by the Civil Commission. The Presidenti was elected to his office by the votes of the

natives, and these three gentlemen were all loyal to the United States Government. Captain Gotit asked me to dine with him that second day in Lurigao, and Jow, who wasn't with me at the time, was not included in the invitation. After dinner, several of the Captain's mining syndicate, who all admitted that they needed more money to work their claims, went with me to call on the Secretary at his mansion.

The mansion was a loosely constructed, two-story, frame building, about as much of a house as could be built for $1,500 in the United States. It was really a one-story building, the lower portion being a dirt floor where horses, cattle and pigs were housed, the family living aloft, a characteristic of all the Filipino dwelling houses I saw in the Philippines, from the best houses in Manila to the poorest nipa shacks in barrios through the provinces. That evening was one of the most pleasant experiences I had in the Philippine Islands. It was a glimpse into the home life of the best of the

Filipino people. I saw nothting to give evidence of prosperity. This was the home of the second greatest native in one of the best provinces in the Philippines; but bare floors, the walls covered with paper of an antiquated pattern, yards of it sloughing off in places, a crude, cheap table in the center of the large living room with a cotton cover of an unfamiliar European make, some Austrian bent wood chairs, a piano with a cracked tone, were the main features of the interior. The Secretary's wife and two buxom daughters and an aged male relative, with the Secretary, composed the inmates. That aged male relative was a wonder. As soon as we arrived, he came in from somewhere. I didn't see him come in through the door. He was tall and slim, he may have blown in through a crack—there were plenty of them in the house. He sat down at the piano and began to play tunes, for the edification of the visitors. He reminded me of the way it rained the first night in Lurigao. He played by the job, by the piece, at so much per yard,

per mile, per league. We spent the evening and he played all the time. Through Captain Gotit, who spoke Spanish, I induced the daughters to sing some of the tunes the old duffer played, and they did and it wasn't bad music. I wished the old fellow would let up a minute or two to break the monotony, but he didn't break, he trotted right along. I wouldn't be surprised if he is playing yet.

The wife brought in a two-quart bottle of champagne. The whole family took a hand in getting the cork out of that bottle, except the aged relative; he was playing that piano. They finally got the cork out and the visitors had to drink the champagne. The Secretary and his family didn't take a sip. I learned that mine host, the Irishman, who was a good fellow, but who didn't keep a good hotel, had given a blow-out to the dignitaries of the town, a few nights before, in celebration of his securing a license and that the two-quart bottle of champagne had found its way to the Secretary's wine cellar, as a result of the blow-out, all of which throws

some light on the *tout ensemble* of conditions in the Philippine Islands. The Governor and the Presidenti dropped in as the evening waned, and the aged relative at the piano didn't, and the gold situation came up for discussion. The Governor, the Secretary and Presidenti were all anxious for American capital to come in and develop the gold fields, and assured me that the country was fabulously rich in gold. The Presidenti said he had a gold mine, where the gentleman from America (meaning your Uncle George) could take out gold enough in a few hours to pay all the expenses of his trip to the Philippine Islands, and then and there agreed upon the next day to lead me to the bonanza.

The Garcia

VOL. II. CLINTON, N. Y., MARCH, 1902. No. 3

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

Mansuran mining camp lay in the path of the Presidenti's claim, and I determined to start on the next day with Mr. Jow, if he was willing to leave his borrowed chair and novel—without him, if he wasn't. As he was my interpreter and I needed him, I determined, in case he couldn't be weaned from the aforenamed chair, to take an ex-soldier in his place, whom I had fallen in with in Lurigao, and who was looking for a job. All the soldier boys of any intelligence in the Islands (and it was a rare thing to find an American soldier who was not intelligent) had learned to speak Spanish. Captain Gotit told me that the boys in the camps would welcome me (miners are proverbially hospitable) but

that I would be doubly welcome if I came in with some grub, as it all had to be packed into the camps on the backs of natives or caribou, over almost inaccessible trails. Rice, fish and cocoanuts formed the staple diet. Captain Bevens' Commissary department was the only place in the province where grub, suitable to the palate of a white man, could be procured. I determined to approach Captain Bevens on the morrow and ask him to sell me some supplies, and arranged with the Presidenti to furnish me with a caribou to pack the load, a native to steer the caribou, also two horses, one for myself and one for Jow, or my ex-soldier in case Jow wasn't ready to make a move. Before leaving the Secretary's house that night it was all arranged—the Presidenti agreeing to accompany me. The only detail of my plan that might fall through was my success in inducing Captain Bevens to sell me supplies.

I went to my blanket on the floor feeling that I had done a good day's work. Jow had turned in, or on, to his blanket, and wasn't swearing,

which was pretty good evidence that he was asleep. The morning dawned a clear day, and in going to breakfast I met Bevens on the street. I approached him in my blandest manner, very much in the way I treat a dealer in my line, when I'm trying to sell him a carload of goods, and asked him if he would sell me some supplies. He demurred and said his supplies were running short, but finally agreed to sell me a limited amount, and told me that I might meet him at barracks after breakfast. I kept that appointment—I wanted those supplies bad. I don't like rice, am not particularly enamored with fish, and cocoanuts aren't filling. Some canned stuff from America was what I was pining for, bacon, crackers, veal loaf, corned beef, coffee. My mouth watered at the prospect and I knew the welcome I'd get from the miners with a caribou load of it. Arrived at barracks, I found Bevens in his quarters with several tomes before him with places marked in them. Those books were rules and regulations governing commanders of the army and

Bevens was studying paragraphs in them, paragraphs that were making him waver from his promise to sell a civilian supplies from a military commissary store; paragraphs that were applicable in a land where merchants in trade kept stocks of goods. I broke into a cold sweat. Was the man going back on his promise? Was I going to lose the chance to buy that stuff? No such stuff to eat in that province as Bevens had.

I thought quick. Boys, if you ever want to do some gymnastic thinking go to the Philippine Islands, board for a week on one of the crack coast liners that ply between the ports of the Islands, and for two days at a restaurant, kept by an ex-soldier, who has just opened a place and has to depend, for his supplies, on the native markets, and then see slipping away from you something to eat from a United States army commissary store, and you'll think quick, boys, I'll guarantee you will—I speak from a pretty general knowledge of the animal man. I sized up my man, took a mental note

of his calibre and said: 'Captain Bevens, what a pity it is that we haven't more such conscientious commanders in the army as yourself. I see your situation, Captain. I see that you really haven't any right to sell me from your stores. It was mighty kind of you to let me buy this stuff. I'm going out for a week's trip through the mining camps with a scout and a native. About what would you advise me to take? I want to treat the miners I'll meet. How much will a caribou carry besides a native, Captain? You're a soldier and know about camp life, Captain; and I'm only a chump civilian and don't know anything about these things. Help me make out the list. Fifteen pounds each of coffee, bacon, corned beef, sardines, pickled tongue, baked pork and beans would be about the right amount, Captain? Some catsup, olives and Ginez mixed pickles? Say, Captain, I'll never forget your kindness,' and I kept on thanking the chump until I had wormed out of him the permission to buy $4.55 (gold) worth of his stores. I wanted at least

five times that much, and the caribou would have carried it. Instead of fifty pounds of crackers he cut me down to five. Three measly pounds was all the bacon he'd sell me and olives none at all. Oh! he was a daisy, boys. He had fully made up his mind to turn me down and not sell me a sou-markee's worth of his stuff. He sourly told me not to come back for any more, but I did—when I got back from that Mansuran trip, a few days later, and that time he did turn me down and wouldn't sell me a cent's worth. My ex-soldier—Duncan was his name—I had already spoken to and told him I might need him to go with me, and engaged him to go to the Presidenti's house and get the native to take the caribou around to the barracks to be loaded, also to ask the Presidenti to ride to the barracks with the two horses he had promised to furnish me, then, 'Duncan,' I said, 'come to Captain Gotit's office and report.' I went to Gotit's office with Jow to get final and explicit directions as to just where the camps lay that I wanted to visit.

The morning had worn away and it was nearly noon. That doesn't sound like much work to do in half a day. Back here in America we would do that in an hour easy enough, but it takes tall hustling to accomplish it in the Philippine Islands in half a day. Jow and I were in Gotit's office, talking over the situation, when Jow spoke up.

'Mr. Allen,' he said, 'I don't see as there is any use in starting to-day. We can just as well get up early to-morrow, ride out to that camp in the forenoon and get back at night."

'Mr. Jow,' I said, 'this expedition moves *to-day,* not to-morrow. Inside an hour you'll see me pointing for Mansuran camp with a cavalcade of one bull loaded with provisions, one Presidenti riding on horse back, one American (which will be myself) on another horse and there will be another you can ride if you want to go along. If you don't I'll find someone else, to ride that horse, who can speak Spanish. You can decide just about this time whether you want to go with me or not. I haven't come to

Mindanao to look over this gold field, to ride out in the morning and back at night. I propose to go out with provisions and stay out until I want to come back. I'll probably stay out several days. That's my programme. If it suits you come along, if it doesn't suit you, we'll each go the way that suits us best.'

Jow decided that he didn't want to go that day, and went back to the hotel. Duncan came up to the office shortly after, riding one of the Presidenti's horses and leading another and with the native and the caribou in his wake. He reported that the Presidenti had bethought him of a fiesta that was to take place on that day. That he couldn't get off; he must attend the fiesta, but sent Duncan with the horses and word that I could go with the native and caribou and my companion to Mansuran, and that the following day, he would meet me at the camp, and together we would go to his gold mine. It was now noon. We ate dinner at the restaurant and I started out for Mansuran with my caribou and Duncan, instead of Jow.

The horses were diminutive beasts, scrubby little ponies. The way for a mile out of Lurigao lay over a very poor wagon road, then through a swale for a couple of miles. Many times our horses were up to their bellies in mud, several times I thought I'd lost my beast in the swale, but he was a plucky brute and got me through. We struck the bed of a river, after this, on a tributary of which Mansuran camp is located, and it was that particular tributary I was after, as it was the river from the bed of which, to the mountain top, the soil was impregnated with gold—according to Mr. Thusme in Manila, who got his news from Captain Gotit in Lurigao, whom I had left but a few short hours ago. Our trail lay first on one side of the stream then on the other. Forty times we forded those two streams and at sundown rode into Mansuran camp, with our caribou and native bringing up the rear. Delp, an English miner, held the fort at Mansuran camp. He had a partner who had left that day for Lurigao for grub, as they were nearly out. Was

Delp glad to see some one from the outside world, with news from Manila, with a bundle of the latest papers procurable from London and San Francisco, then eight to ten weeks old? Wouldn't he have shared his last plate of rice with him? Aye, he would and counted it great gain, but when in addition to that, he saw the stuff come off the caribou's back!—boys, a Christmas tree with Santa Claus coming down the chimney is a tame affair, and I never expect to get a warmer welcome. Too full for utterance was Delp. The freedom of the camp was mine. His coat, his boots, his shirt were mine, if I wanted them; all the *gold* Delp had was mine, an' I would but claim it, which I wouldn't when he showed it to me. He had it wrapped up in a piece of paper the size of a homeopathic dose of powder—cleaned up and weighed, it was about fifteen cents' worth—but he had prospects. He was putting in some riffles up the stream. He had been on the claim for two months and had sunk shafts two, four, six feet deep all over it and he hadn't found fifteen

cents' worth of gold—but he had hopes of his riffles. 'You are just in time to help me place them in the morning,' he said. Duncan tethered the horses and the native led the caribou away where it could wallow in the water. Delp got out his spider and we had a supper of my bacon, crackers and some fried onions with rice, cooked over Delp's camp fire. I never tasted anything so good.

I stayed at Mansuran camp until noon the next day. We helped Delp place his riffles, and at noon my Presidenti rode into camp with Jow. After I left Lurigao Jow got hold of the Presidenti, who, supposing that Jow and I were still in partnership, told him that he was going out to Mansuran to meet me, and from there on to his mining claim, and asked Jow to come with him; and Jow came. Jow and I were no longer partners, but after dinner the Presidenti, Duncan, Jow, a native the Presidenti brought with him, and myself started off on a hike after the Presidenti's mine. We went ten miles over a mountain range to find it. It was the wildest

country imaginable. It would have been impossible to go with our horses. For several miles we went up the bed of the river on which Mansuran camp was located. We were in the Lurigao mining district. We passed camps of American miners, who were trying to beat the natives in placer mining. Some of them had riffles in the stream, but none of them were taking out gold enough to pay for the grub they ate while getting it. That stream had been searched from bed rock up for centuries, by the natives. Several hundred natives were then on the stream washing for gold. They found some. I saw them going home at night, to their shacks, with the day's find in the bottom of a cocoanut shell; their wooden pans hanging at their sides. That is, the successful ones had it in the shell. Most of them had their shells hanging empty at their sides, to keep their pans company. No gold at all to show for their day's washing. They were perfectly harmless and friendly. I took the shells from the hands of a number of successful ones, to examine their

find. A teaspoonful of black sand in the bottom of the shell, in a tablespoonful of water. When the cup was tilted carefully a few specks of the metal would show at the bottom of the sand. Many times I would be unable to tilt the cup dexterously enough to discover the fine gold, when the native would take it from my hand, dexterously work the sand and water to one side of the shell and bringing the few specks of gold to sight, triumphantly point to it and exclaim, 'Bueno, mucho bueno' (good, very good).

Very good forsooth! They didn't make five cents a day on an average. We stopped along the way and looked into their shacks. The most distressed, poverty-stricken, wretched class of humanity it has ever been my misfortune to look upon, were the native gold diggers of the Lurigao mining district. They are the most expert panners in the world. They will pan gold out of dirt where an American miner can't discover it. Jow, an old American miner, tried his hand, but would fail to bring a color to

view, but a native woman would take up a pan of dirt from the same place, dexterously wash it in the running stream until she had it reduced to a teaspoonful of sand showing some gold, just a glint of color, a fraction of a cent's worth, then carefully turn the sand into her cocoanut shell. Men, women and children wash for gold in the streams. They know its value and get it. Chinese make a tour of the diggings periodically and buy their gold, and pay them, in Mexican dollars, as much for it as they could get from the mint in Philadelphia.

Late in the afternoon the Presidenti led us to his mine. Some Americans had jumped it and were working it. It was hard to tell who was most disgusted, the Presidenti, the Americans who had jumped the claim, or your Uncle George. Just what the Presidenti's scheme was in taking me twenty miles from Lurigao, to show me that spot of ground, I shall never know. Whether there was a legend that gold existed there, and the Presidenti, through some law known and respected by the Filipinos, had

a claim on it; whether the Americans had gotten wind of the legend and were trying to prove its truth, just what there was to it, I do not know and I would have had to learn Spanish and stay in Lurigao too long to find out. I only know the Presidenti said it was his mine, and after two weeks' work on it the Americans didn't want to dispute his claim. We spent the night with the miners and the next day hiked back to Mansuran, where Delp had kept our horses and caribou for us, and the next day bade Delp (who was still working on his riffles) good by and rode back to Lurigao. What was left of my provisions I gave to Delp. His partner hadn't returned. We found him in Lurigao trying to drown his sorrows at the bar of the hotel—and succeeding mightily. I was glad Delp had the stuff and more than ever regretted Captain Bevens' niggardliness.

The Garcia

VOL. II. CLINTON, N. Y., APRIL, 1902. No. 4

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

There had blown into Lurigao, during our absence, one Patrick Michael McDinnis. Pat was a character. The boys called him Mac. He had some quartz claims twenty-four miles from Lurigao in an opposite direction from the placer mines we had just come from. My fame had spread in Lurigao, during my absence, and the word was passed around that I was from the States, looking up the resources of the Islands, with money to burn, and I shouldn't be surprised if the report went with it that I was an easy mark. I hadn't more than gotten my head in the restaurant when Mac tackled me. A monstrous big, raw-boned Irishman with as honest a face as I ever saw on a man. I took

to Mac. I liked him at first sight. Mac didn't wait for an introduction. 'Is this Misther Allen?' he said. I sorrowfully admitted that it was and asked him what I could do for him. 'I understhand, Misther Allen, that yez are looking up the rasources of the Islands.' By 'yez' he meant Jow and me. I said I was. 'I understhand yez are interested in gold mines, Misther Allen.'

'Not so much as I was,' I said.

'And that yez are looking up thimber, Misther Allen.'

'Yes,' I said.

'Well sur, Misther Allen, me name is McDinnis. If it's gold mines yez are afther, I have thim sur. I have six claims over in the Jaser disthrict, sur, and I've sthaked out a town site sur, ferninst the claims, sur. My claims are quartz claims, sur. I have one island, sur; jist big enough for one claim, sur; jist twinty achers on it, sur. The natives took out thirty-six thousand dohlers of gold from that island sixteen years ago, sur, and thin abandoned it, sur,

because, sur, they didn't know how to work the quartz, sur. What they found came aisy, sur. It was in a pocket, like, sur, but there's tins of thousands of tons of rich quartz, sur, on that island that I belave, sur, is worth millions of dohlers, sur. I've named me town site Butte City, sur. I'm from Butte City, Montana, meself, sur. I've mined in the Sthates twilve years, sur. I jined the arhmy whin the war brhoke out, sur; got me discharge, sur; and if it's rich quartz mines ye'd like to see, sur, it's meself thet 'ud like to show yez mine sur.'

When I was in Manila, in the Manila Club rooms, I had heard of a little island off Mindanao that was reported to have rich quartz; heard that the natives had made rich finds on it; knew a party of Americans had sent a man down to Mindanao to preempt it and that their man had got there too late, as an Irishman had got in ahead and got his stakes down first. Where off Mindanao the island was I didn't know. I was intensely interested in McDinnis and his little island by this time. I had heard

of McDinnis in Lurigao before I left for Mansuran, as a windy Irishman, who blew into town occasionally with wild stories about his Butte City and quartz claims. How he had gone off by his lonesome and was staking claims, and holding them down in the Jaser district, and was trying to get the boys in Lurigao over his way for company, and how none of them believed he had anything worth holding down. Among other characteristics of the man, the liberal use in his conversation of the vocative 'sir' was mentioned.

It was only by chance that I heard the scrap of conversation, alluded to in the club at Manila. It had gone in at one ear and out of the other and I hadn't mentioned it to Jow or anyone in Lurigao. I wondered if I had stumbled on to something. I was willing to hear Mac talk.

'Yez can't mine quartz widout money, Misther Allen, sur. None of the miners here have any money, sur. They're all ex-soldiers like meself, sur; wid only a few dohlers they got

whin they got their discharge, sur. They're all looking for free placer gold where the natives have washed the ground over for hundreds of years, sur; and they've niver found much free gold in the Philipaine Islands, sur. If they ever find it, it will be in quartz, sur. It's the same way in Cagayan disthrict, sur, down the coast, sur. I was down there for six months, sur; and I have three claims I have sthaked and racorded down there in the Pigton minin' ragion, sur. I heard of this island, sur; and I've been on it for six months, sur; and it's McDinnis as'll hold it, sur, till some one comes along wid money that'll go in wid me, sur, to work it, sur.'

'Any timber over in that region, Mac?' I asked. 'I heard before I came to Mindanao that there were rich timber tracts down here. I've been twenty miles back in the country and haven't seen a timber proposition that I'd go across two States to look into.'

'Is it thimber, yez'r afther, Misther Allen, sur? There's great thimber over in the Jaser ragion, sur.'

'Mac,' I said, 'I'll go with you. How do we get there?'

'I've a beautiful banka, sur, wid a native to paddle. I'll take ye over in me banka, sur, and I'll take your Misther Jow along, sur.'

'Oh, one of us is enough, Mac,' I said.

I had no use for Jow, but Mac had understood that Jow and I were together; that Jow was a practical mining man, and he wanted to do the generous and take us both along; besides the more men from the United States that he could interest in his district the better he would be pleased.

Jow, coming into the restaurant at this point, Mac made for him, gave him the same song he had given me and asked him to go to Jaser to look at his claims, and he accepted on the spot. Jow hadn't heard the little island story, but had expressed his disgust for the placer mining region we had visited, and had remarked that he'd like to strike a rich quartz mine. So Jow and I were booked again to be companions on a hunt for gold, but not partners, this time.

'Mac,' I said, when I saw that Jow was booked for passage in his banka, 'what kind of a boat have you got; and how long a sail is it? I'm a very cautious as well as a timid man, and don't want to run into any danger. Are the natives friendly over in Jaser?'

'I have a beautiful banka, sur, and the natives are as mild as shape, sur. There's tin thousand of them in that ragion, sur, and I've bin among 'em now for six months, sur; the only white man in that ragion, sur. One white man can hold up tin thousand of these natives, sur, wid a six shooter. I'm King in that counthry, sur. Ye'll run no dhanger if ye go wid McDinnis, sur. I'll git ye over and git ye back safe, sur.'

We hung around Lurigao for another day. I tried to get Captain Bevens to sell me another lot of supplies to take on the trip but he sourly refused. One Jukley, a miner from the Klondike, who had been trying his fortune in the Cagayan district and had left, disgusted with the outlook there, had come to Lurigao and was included in Mac's invitation to go with us to

Jaser. Five of us to go in Mac's 'beautiful banka'—Mac, Jukley, Jow, a native and myself. I hadn't seen the banka. I hoped Mac spoke the truth, and that aside from her beauty, she would be big and safe, as it was to be a seventeen mile cruise. I succeeded in buying a small ham from our restaurant keeper, for which I paid $5 and was glad to get it at that. Mac had bought some rice and codfish, and the next morning, Jukley, with his earthly possessions in a cheap oilcloth grip; Jow, with some clothing tied up in a blanket; I, with that precious ham and some of my wardrobe in a gunny sack, which I managed to buy at a Chinese store, with Mac at our head, took our way to the bay where Mac had his native and 'beautiful banka' in waiting for us. It was a lowering morning with a stiff breeze blowing.

The day before, after I had learned of Jukley's addition to our passenger list, I became solicitous about the safety of a seventeen mile ride in Mac's banka, but Mac said: 'Have no fear, Misther Allen, sur. Ye's safe wid Mc-

Dinnis, sur. Ye'll niver catch McDinnis where there's ony dangher on the wather, sur. I can't shwim a fut, sur. We don't git far away from land, sur. We kape close to shore, sur. Most of the way is through manghrove swhamps, sur, along the shore; narrow canals like, sur; through manghrove swhamps, sur, that grow out in the edge of the ocean, sur. How far can ye shwim, Misther Allen, sur?'

I told Mac that I thought I could swim two miles if my life depended on it, but that I didn't want to get wet.

'Yer all right, Misther Allen,' Mac replied, 'the little alleys or canals are only about one hundhred and fifty feet wide; there'll be no dangher, sur; ye can't sink one of these bankas, sur.'

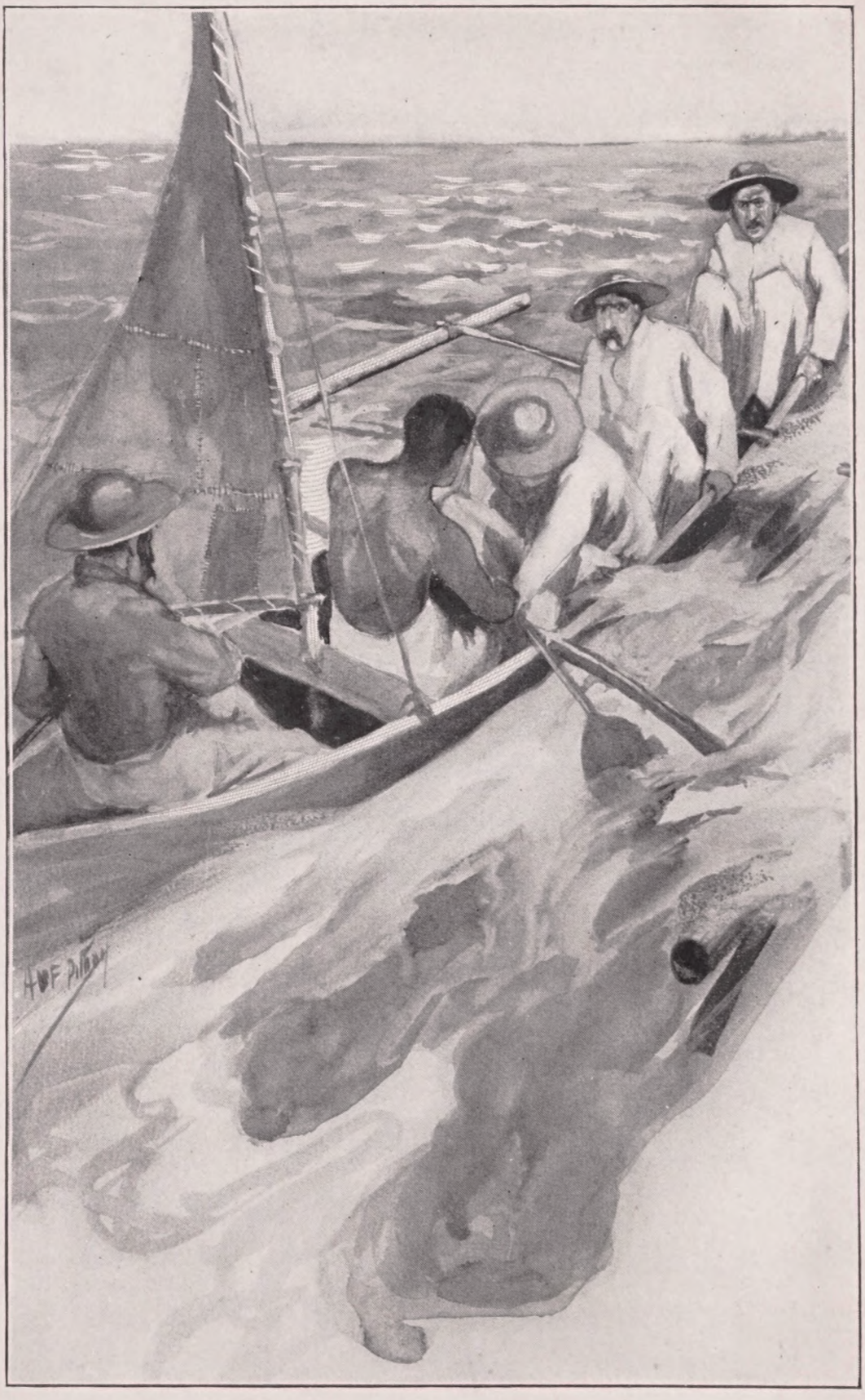
The native had the banka ready for us, with Mac's rice and codfish loaded into her. He had a sail rigged well aft, made of split gunny sacks. I looked the craft over.

Mac's 'beautiful banka' was a dugout twelve feet from bow to poop with just beam enough

for a man to sit in her. She lay on the edge of Lurigao Bay, a sheet of water six miles wide. A choppy sea was running, whitecaps covering the surface. Two sides of the bay were fringed with a growth of mangroves. I didn't know in what direction Jaser lay. I supposed we'd skirt along the shore. I had misgivings about getting into her even in that case, but we stowed our baggage in as best we could. I took my seat in the bow a-top of the baggage with my knees well up under my chin. Jukley was next to me. Jow sat in the middle, the native was next to him with a paddle, while Mac was in the stern to manage the sail and steer. Five men going to sea in a hollowed out log with a stiff land breeze blowing! Mac shoved her off, jumped in and steered for the middle of the bay to strike the shore directly opposite.

'Heavens! Mac,' I shouted, 'where are you going? Thought you were going to keep close to land?'

'Don't yez have ony fear, Misther Allen, sur,' Mac said. 'It's siventeen miles to Jaser



"THERE'S NO DANGHER SUR," MAC SAID, "YOU CAN'T SINK A BANKA SUR."—Page 171.

if we cut achross the bay. It cuts off tin miles if we cut achross, sur. We wouldn't get to Jaser to-night if we wint ahround, sur. There's no dangher, sur. Yez can't sink one of these bankas, sur. Yez'll niver find McDinnis where there's ony dangher on the wather, sur. I can't shwim a fut, sur.'

'That's all right, Mac,' I said. 'See how far you can wade' (Mac was six feet three if he was an inch), 'get into shore or turn around and let me out,' I said. We were scudding out into the bay before the wind—well out by this time—the whitecaps breaking over the side.

'We'd shwamp her if we turned ahround, sur,' Mac said, 'but there's no dangher, sur. Yez can't sink one of these bankas, sur. Don't be afhraid, sur. There's no dangher, sur. Yez'll niver find McDinnis where there's any danger on the wather, sur. I can't shwim a fut, sur.'

Mac was grinning and holding her to her course, and Jukley was scared. The native

paddled. Jow just said one word with three letters—'God!' he said and picked up a cocoa-nut shell, from the bottom of the boat, and began bailing out the water, and that was the only word I heard out of Jow's head until we got across. There wasn't a swear left in him. He just bailed water all the way across. He was scared, *scared*. His back was to me, but I could tell by the expression of his shoulder blades, as he bailed her out, just how scared he was. In my cramped position I couldn't bail. I couldn't do a thing but hang on and pray and listen to McDinnis, as he assured us that 'There's no dangher, sur. Yez'll niver catch McDinnis when there's ony dangher on the wather, sur. I can't shwim a fut, sur. Yez can't sink one of these bankas, sur. This banka would carry sixtheen men, sur (five of us filled her chock). We cut off tin miles by cuttin' achross, sur. We'd niver make Plasair if we wint ahround, sur.'

'Was your Uncle scared, boys? *Was he scared?*' If anyone had told me, on that voy-

age across Lurigao Bay, that I'd ever meet the Garcia Club this side of heaven, I'd have named him a false prophet. Don't let anyone ever shake your faith in miracles, boys. One of the most beautifully sublime things I've ever seen was the faith of McDinnis (who 'couldn't shwim a fut, sur') in the unsinkability of 'a banka, sur.' We got to Jaser in the evening of that day in that same boat. Some of Mac's one hundred and fifty foot canals through the mangroves proved to be three miles wide, and we had to cross Jaser Bay, seven miles wide, before we got to Jaser, but the water was smooth when we struck it and Mac explained again that 'we'd cut off tin miles, sur,' by crossing the bay and not going around. The day so lowery when we started, turned out fair and beautiful. The bright azure sky overhead, the delightfully balmy air, the crystal water underneath, with its gorgeous plant-shaped growth of coral, and fishes of all the colors of the rainbow, swimming through it; the luxuriant growth of palms, cocoanut trees and man-

groves, altogether made a scene, for natural beauty, the like of which your Uncle had never gazed upon before. As I watched the fishes I wondered if they would be as brilliantly hued when out of the water. At a later date we caught some and found they were. In no other waters have I ever seen such fish. They were not large—from two to six inches long.

The Garcia

VOL. II. CLINTON, N. Y., MAY, 1902. No. 5

Continuation of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

We got to Jaser at five o'clock. Jaser is a barrio of perhaps a thousand souls, located on one of the most beautiful bays I have ever seen, almost landlocked. The town is on Mindanao, as I have said, nestling at the foot of a range of mountains. There are numerous barrios up and down the coast, with about ten thousand population in the whole cluster. Cocoanuts and hemp are the staples raised. It is a goodly land, the climate and the country resembling our Puget Sound. Beautiful little islands are scattered up and down the coast.

Mac took us to the Presidenti's house. The Presidenti was not at home. The Vice-Presidenti took his place. Mac had spoken true.

Mac was King in that country. The natives all bowed down to him. He told us he would put us up at the Presidenti's house and he did. He marched us into the Presidenti's residence, a large, and, for that country, well built, wooden house. 'These are my friends,' he announced to the Vice-Presidenti. 'We are hungry. We want supper and we want it dom quick.' He sent a native for our baggage. He domiciled Jow and me in a large room with two beds in it, positively the best beds I had slept in, or seen, in the Islands. There was not a woman to be seen in the house. The Presidenti was a bachelor or a widower. His mother kept his house for him and she was visiting in Lurigao. Some natives brought our baggage from the boat. My precious ham was produced, some eggs were found, some ham was fried with the eggs, and we supped, three hours later, on ham and eggs and rice.

'Three hours later' was quick to get that meal when you know the Filipino servant. Mac stormed and ordered. They took their time.

"I PHOTOGRAPHED THAT SQUAD WITH MY CAMERA."
Page 177.

The Secretary of the barrio called on us shortly after we arrived. He was, by all odds, the brightest Filipino I met in the Islands; a young man of thirty-five years. He was also chief of police and our Government had intrusted him with ten Winchester shotguns. Very proud was he of his little military squad of ten natives. He called them together and drilled them for our inspection. They were the only protection that ten thousand population had against insurrectos and ladrons, who infested the mountains round about the barrios, and who had, but a few days before, made an attack on the town and killed a number of loyal natives. I tried to find out how often those attacks were made and if another one was about due. Those ten shotguns and two six-shooters, in our party, were the only protection against insurrectos this side of Lurigao, and Lurigao seventeen miles away by banka, 'if yez cut across the bays and didn't go around, sur.' I photographed that squad, with my camera, with the Presidenti's house for a background, only seven of the ten getting into the picture.

During my stay in Jaser and on my journeys out to Mac's mines, I had one of those shotguns with me and slept that night with it at the head of my bed, and a box of cartridges within reach. The price of the favor was my promise to mail the Secretary a photograph of the squad when I got back to Manila and had my films developed; a promise which was faithfully kept.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful. Mac was up with the sun threatening dire vengeance on the Presidenti's servants if breakfast wasn't forthcoming, 'pronto,' and by eight o'clock we were off for Mac's mines, seven miles away, across Jaser Bay, in another direction from that in which we had crossed the night previous. The Secretary sent us out with a fine large banka, twice the size of the boat that brought us over from Lurigao, with two natives to paddle it. I objected to taking any more trips in Mac's 'beautiful banka.' I wanted more of a boat under me.

Our party was composed of Mac, Jow,

Jukley and myself, with the natives. At ten o'clock we sailed up to Mac's island, Lampania, where the story went that $36,000 worth of gold had been taken out sixteen years before. Mac's tent and camping outfit he had left on Lampania in charge of a family of natives who lived on an adjoining island, Balibayon (not more than a stone's throw away from Lampania), on which his town site, 'Butte City,' was located.

His little tent showed white in the sunlight as we neared his island.

He hailed the family of natives as we rowed past 'Butte City,' and asked if everything was all right on Lampania, and got an assuring reply.

We disembarked and stood on Mac's bonanza. There was the shaft the natives had sunk years ago, with heaps of quartz reaching down to the water's edge. Was that gold bearing quartz? was the question. Was Mac right? Was this region rich in gold bearing quartz? For six months this man had lived

alone on this lonely little island in the South Seas, honestly believing that untold millions were locked in the quartz on this and the other rock ribbed islands adjoining. For weeks he had patiently and strenuously worked with pick and shovel, alone, to clean out the shaft and sink it still deeper, hoping to find another pocket of the precious metal, and in the meantime staking out other claims on the two adjoining islands, Layab and Balibayon, putting down his stakes and cleaning out lines around five other claims, doing the work necessary to hold them, in accordance with United States mining laws, and also staking out a sixty acre town site on Balibayon. Visions of untold millions were in his mind. His last trip to Lurigao was not only for rice and codfish but in order to take samples of ore from his different claims to Captain Gotit with request to have them forwarded to the United States for assay. Months before, he had sent samples to Manila to an assayer, who he heard was located there, and had anxiously waited for returns; going to

"MAC INDUSTRIOUSLY POUNDED THE ORE."—Page 181.

Lurigao, the nearest post-office, to see if word had come to him. None had come to cheer or dishearten him, for reasons that I learned later. Was Mac right? Was he in the region of rich gold quartz? Had he preempted claims, the working of which, with scientific, American mining machinery would make the Treadwell mine look like thirty cents? Mac believed and talked it, as he enthusiastically pounded up some rock from the bottom of the shaft on Lampania, in a cast-iron mortar, the very mortar used by the natives sixteen years earlier, and which he had unearthed from the bottom of the shaft when he first took possession. Mac pounded the rock industriously. A little native boy, from the family on Balibayon, stood at his elbow. Jukley waited hard by until Mac should have enough for a trial pan, and Jow stood thoughtfully looking on, smoking a cigarette. Jukley took the pan to the water's edge, washed it down to a spoonful of sand, and we all crowded eagerly around to see the result of the test. No trace of gold was found

in the pan, 'which,' Jukley said, 'proves nothing, other than the quartz is not free milling quartz; that same quartz worked by the Cyanide process may yield a hundred dollars to the ton.'

"I wish I had my assaying outfit," I heard Jow mutter.

* * * * * * * *

The little native boy caught some fish, bass shaped, of a beautiful chrome green color, and fried them in the fat of that precious ham which we had brought with us, and we dined on fried fish and boiled rice.

I had caught the gold fever, so had Jow, so had Jukley.

I only had to propose a move to have Jow want to do something else. I proposed that we stay on Lampania over night. Jow proposed that we row back to Jaser. He wanted to do some prospecting on Mindanao back of Jaser. I told him I thought that was a good plan, that he and Jukley could take the banka and natives and row back to Jaser and that I

would spend the night on Lampania with Mac. Jow didn't want to leave me alone with Mac, but Mac favored my plan; so back to Jaser Jow and Jukley started. As they pushed off for Jaser, I said to Jow: 'Mr. Jow, Mac and I will be ready to leave this island for Jaser to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock. You can speak Spanish, will you make it clear to the Secretary that I am over here on this island, and ask him to send a good safe banka with a couple of natives to bring us back to Jaser?' Jow agreed, and I was left alone with Mac, to spend the night on that lonesome little twenty-acre island, in the South Seas. I spent the rest of the afternoon on Lampania listening to Mac's wondrous castles in the air, as he recounted the wealth of gold that he was cocksure was locked in the quartz on his claims, thinking much, but letting Mac do the talking.

As we turned in for the night, in his little tent, I on Mac's cot, and Mac on a blanket thrown on some 'foin sohft boards, sur,' that he had on his island. I said: 'Mac, what did

you bring me clear over here for? You said you'd show me timber. We haven't passed timber enough, considered in the light of a lumbering proposition, to wad a gun. What did you hope to gain by getting me away from all the haunts of civilization, with insurrectos back in the mountains, liable to swoop down on us at any time, and running the risk of drowning me on Lurigao Bay in that little hollow log? What's your scheme, Mac? What do you want?'

'Oh! come now, Misther Allen, sur, you're no spring chicken. You know there's great gold prospects here in the Philipanes, if you can set your fut down in the right place, and if these claims are what I belave they are, and what you hope they are, sur; there's plenty of money back in the Sthates to develop the moins, sur. I'll tell you the thruth, Misther Allen, sur. Whin I got me discharge from the arhmy and me finals, sur, I had $500 in gold, sur. I spint six months in the Pigton mining disthrict around Cagayan, sur, prospecting for

gold, sur. I spint half of me money in that way, sur, and I have three claims sthaked and racorded in that disthrict, sur; and work done on thim to hold thim for six months, sur. But I have no faith in thim claims, sur, to tell you the thruth, sur. I don't think that disthrict is good for anything, sur. The miners are abandoning it now, sur. Jukley had jist come from there, sur, and the boys are more thin ever disgusthed wid it, sur. But I heard of this island, sur, and got in ahead of another party who wanted to sthake it, sur. I've been here now for six months, sur, holding this and other claims down, sur; and whin Congress moves, and gives us the same mining laws as the Sthates, my claims will be raspicted, sur, and I'll get titles, if I can sthay by the scheme and hold it down, sur. I spint me last peso in Lurigao, sur, and I need some money to kape me going, sur. When I saw you, sur, and heard what you was doing in the islands, sur, I said to meself, 'McDinnis, you must git that man over to your claims, and let him see wid

his own eyes just what you've got,' and I got you here, sur; and if these claims are worth anything, sur, they are worth tin million dohlers, sur.'

'Mac,' I said, 'you've a great head. I don't know whether your claims are worth a cent. How many did you say you had?'

'I've got the 'Anicondia' and 'White Cross,' on the River Iponon, and the 'Wake-up' in the lower Pigton disthrict, down Cagayan way. The new 'Anicondia' here on Lampania. The 'Never Sweat.' The 'Robert Emmet,' and the 'Green Mountain,' on Layab Island, right next to this island. The 'Mountain Con' and 'High Ore,' and the town site, 'Butte City,' jist achross from here on Balibayon, sur; and they are worth tin million dohlers if they are worth a cint, sur.'

'All right, Mac,' I said, 'if they are worth a cent, I guess they are.' I'll grub stake you for $37.50 a month and give you one hundred thousand dollars of the capital stock of a company I'll organize to work your claims, if I

find the ore warrants it after I get it assayed. You to give me a two years' option on everything you've named, and deliver to me all your titles in the claims as soon as I deliver to you my agreement to give you stock in such a company, you to stay by the claims and do the necessary work to hold them. The option to lapse if I do not keep up your grub stake.' Mac didn't say a word for fifteen minutes; I thought he had gone to sleep. Finally: 'Misther Allen, lave Butte City out of the option and I'll go ye.'

'Leave nothing out,' I said. 'I want an option on everything you've got in the Philippine Islands but your clothes and that 'beautiful banka."

'All right, sur,' Mac said. 'Misther Allen, I'll go ye, sur,' and we both went to sleep and dreamed of ten million dollar gold mines.

The Garcia

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Conclusion of Uncle George's Address to the Garcia Club.

The next day Mac and I took a small banka that Mac's family of natives on Balibayon loaned us, visited all of his claims on the two adjoining islands, and I saw Mac take out the ore from the shafts he had sunk on them. He handed it to me and I wrapped it up, in some mosquito netting Mac had, and carefully labelled each lot. At three o'clock we were through, and back on Lampania, and at four o'clock the natives were back with a banka from Jaser.

I looked at the boat. It was smaller than Mac's 'beautiful banka' and had a hole in the bow.

'Mac,' I said, 'I'll never cross Jaser Bay in

that boat. You heard me ask Jow to send a safe boat over. What do you think he means by letting such a tub come after us? He knows you can't 'swim a fut.' '

'I think he manes to dhrown us sur,' Mac said.

'Well, what are we to do?' I asked.

'Well, sur, Misther Allen, that boat ain't safe to go to Jaser in, sur. Opposite Jaser, on Balibayon, there is a native who has a foin, large banka. We'll use this boat to skirt around Balibayon until we come to the native, directly opposite Jaser, and git him to take us achross the bay, sur.'

As we rounded the point of Balibayon, and came to Jaser Bay, a stiff breeze was blowing and the bay was covered with whitecaps.

'Mucho malo' (very bad), the natives said, as they looked across the bay. They were afraid to cross with the old boat, and when a native in a banka says 'mucho malo,' it's time for a white man to say his prayers, if he happens to be in the banka. Mac explained to

them that we wouldn't cross in that boat, and directed them to hug close to the shore of Balibayon until we came to the native's house, which we did, and I got the native to paddle us across the bay for two pesos (two Mexican dollars).

We got to Jaser in time for supper, with my samples of ore, and Jow saw us land and saw a native bring the orc out of the boat; and he knew that if Mac's mines were good for anything, your Uncle George was in on the deal, and that he was not, and he didn't seem too cordial.

I went to the Secretary's house the next day, and drew up the option on the lines we had agreed upon. I wrote that option under difficulties. The Secretary's pig, a friendly brute, was rubbing against me and his fighting cock in the corner kept up an incessant crowing. The Filipinos keep the pigs they fatten to eat in the house with the family. All over the Islands pigs are used for scavengers, and the pigs that run the street aren't fit to eat. The option writ-

"THE SECRETARY SIGNED AS WITNESS."—Page 191.

ten, the pig subsided and lay quietly down on the floor and the Secretary signed as a witness to our signatures. I took the Secretary's picture as he sat down to sign; his wife stood by the door and the pig lay quietly on the floor at the Secretary's feet. I forgave the pig the annoyance he had caused me on account of his keeping quiet at this time, as I particularly wanted him in the picture. The only attempt at artistic decoration in the Secretary's home was a page from the *Police Gazette,* which Mac had brought from Lurigao, and which illustrated a boxing bout.

I could do no more in Jaser. If there was any gold in that region I stood as good a chance to get it as anyone, and there was no timber worth mentioning. My next move was to get the ore to an assayer and see what was in it. I left Jow and Jukley in Jaser prospecting for gold and Mac took me back to Lurigao in a good, safe banka. I didn't go to see the Datto. The boat that brought me to Lurigao was waiting at her dock, ready to sail for Manila. As

I looked at her I wondered if I had ever been foolish enough to be afraid to sail in her. She seemed like a palace of safety, and I was perfectly willing and anxious to board her, and sail back to Manila in her. I paid Mac a three-months' grub stake, said good-bye to everyone in Lurigao except Captain Bevens, and got to Manila without mishap, and had one of those first-class staterooms all to myself on the up trip, that is, I was the only occupant of the room that paid fare.

I was anxious to get that ore assayed. I supposed, of course, I would find an assay office in Manila. I intended to find out what was in it, and if it proved to be rich, go back to Mindanao with blasting powder and such supplies as could be procured there, for sinking the shafts on the different claims, also take back a stock of provisions and stay with Mac for a few months and further develop the claims. There was no assay office in Manila. Positively no chance to tell what was in that quartz. I took my samples to the Department of Mining, and

the chief looked them over and said they didn't look promising, was sorry he could not tell me positively what was in them. He told me to come back in two days and he would let me have a rough assay which would give me an idea whether they were very rich or not, but that the Government machinery was not in shape to do any assaying.

He gave me the address of an assayer, the only one in Manila, the same to whom Mac had sent his samples. I went to this address and found the party gone, was told he had left Manila months before; which explained why Mac got no word about his samples.

In two days I went back to our bureau of mining and got the results of the rough assay they made for me. They had found no trace of gold, and furthermore, I was told that nothing had come to the notice of that bureau that promised gold in the Philippine Islands.

A very clever official connected with the bureau said: 'Mr. Allen, I know all about that part of New York State you hail from. If you

want to hunt for gold real bad, you needn't come way off here to the Philippine Islands to look for it. There are better prospects for gold up on Black River in New York State, just a few miles north of Clinton, than you will find in the Philippine Islands."

This was discouraging.

There was a ship about to sail for Hong Kong. I left the Philippine Islands on that ship.

I had only one thing on my mind, to make connections with steamboats and railway trains to land me in Clinton, New York, U. S. A.

I didn't miss a connection. I came home across the Pacific. In thirty-five days from the date I left Manila I was back in Clinton. I brought my samples with me.

A competent assayer, here in the United States, who has made thorough assays of each sample, writes me that they are positively no good.

Boys, I didn't know it was so late.

I move we adjourn.

And the Garcia Club adjourned.

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